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ALL THE WEEK'S NEWS IN PICTURES.

THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 15, 1934
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXIX No. 1821

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

DEC. 15 1934

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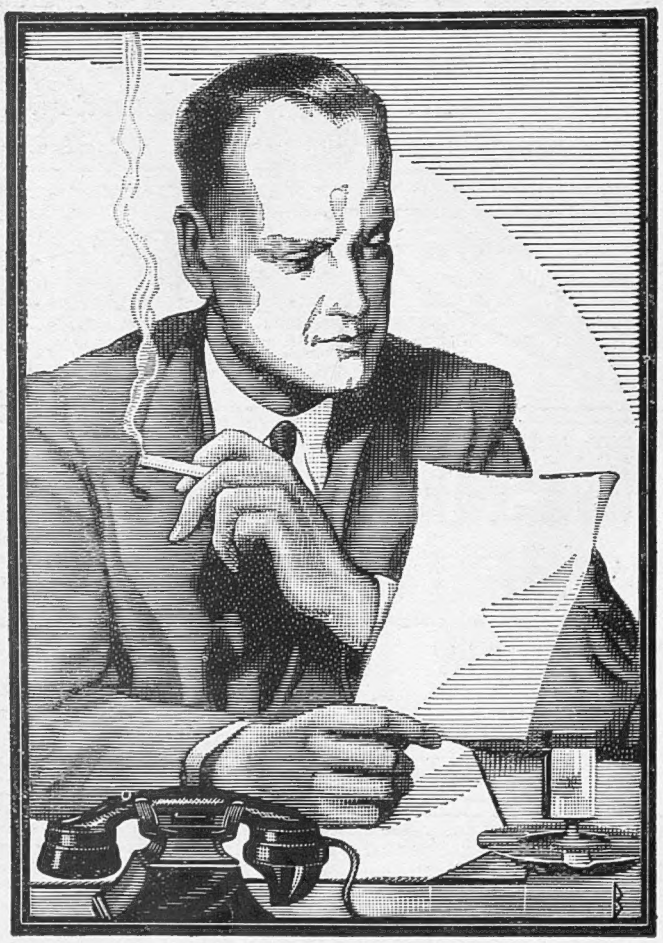

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PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

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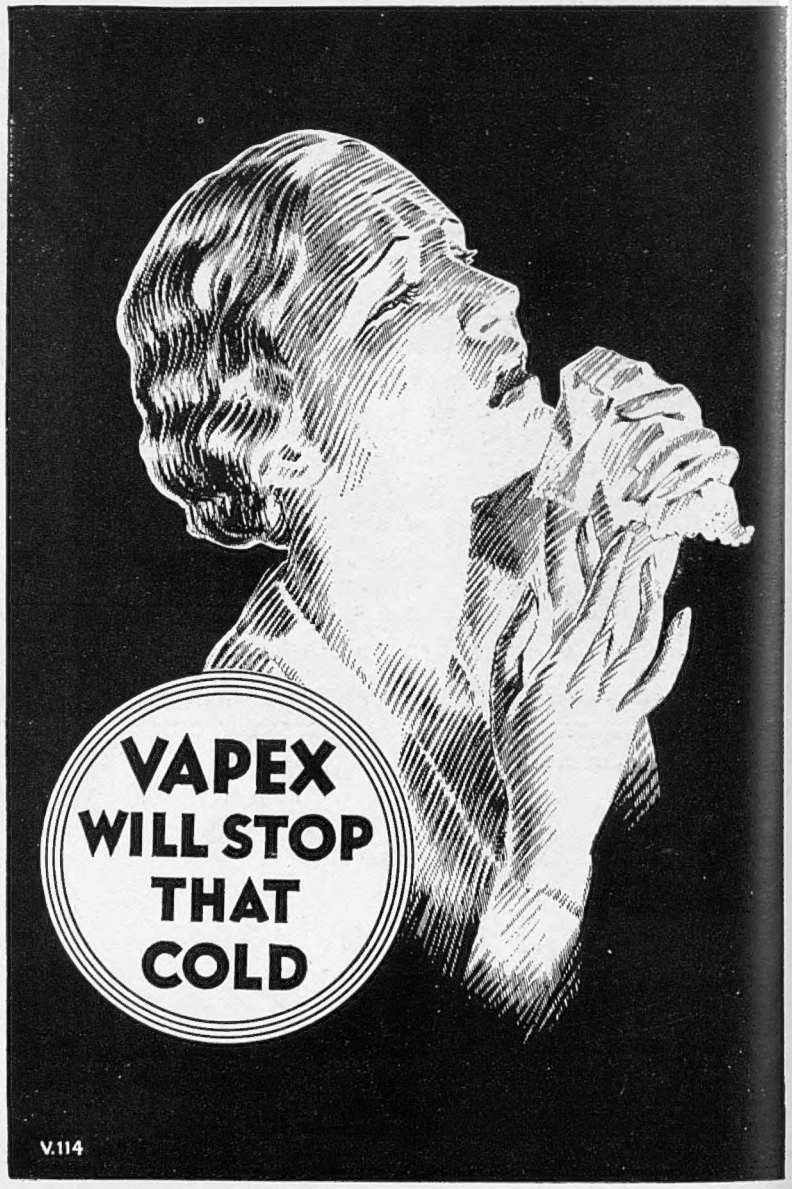

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 15, 1934

ON WITH THE SHOW

The Chorus Rehearsing for Drury Lane's Christmas Pantomime

Notwithstanding the sudden death of Mr. Julian Wylie, the King of Pantomime producers, Drury Lane, true to the traditions of the stage, is carrying on with the arrangements for the production of "Cinderella" and, in a few days' time the curtain will go up on one of the most elaborate Christmas shows ever presented at this famous theatre. As Charles Graves points out elsewhere in this issue, "pantomime is a mushroom industry which metaphorically grows overnight, dies, and the following year grows up all over again." But in a few weeks the public pays at least £2,000,000 into the box offices to see the 200 or so different companies which are playing in all parts of the country, and work is given, directly and indirectly, to at least 30,000 people. In spite of the cinemas, this form of entertainment is as much alive as ever it was

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THE HUB OF THE EMPIRE: A night study of Piccadilly Circus and Regent Street, where crowds of Christmas shoppers are now thronging the pavements

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 12, 1934.

LORDS RIDDELL AND BUCKMASTER.—Two notables died last week, each in certain particulars the head of his profession and a *rara avis*. Lord Riddell was, as his name implies, of a Border family and trained for the law. As a solicitor he acquired a good general knowledge of mankind and all branches of the law, and a shrewd business judgment, especially in the matter of real estate investment. He took to journalism from the top, not from the bottom, and as a director of newspaper organizations found himself more or less forced into the position of pioneer of the Sunday newspaper as we know it. There were times when *The News of the World*, in its intensive campaign to secure the huge circulation which it achieved under Riddell, indulged in a flamboyancy which, cynics said, consorted curiously with other sober organs which Riddell directed. Those cynics said that Riddell had a foot in Heaven and a foot elsewhere. We know now that the great gyroscope — modern journalism — with its tremendous forces was beyond the power of the men who set those forces in motion, to check or direct exactly as they would. Acts of Parliament were required to control them. Riddell's wide experience of mankind and of business, joined to a very lively intelligence and a very versatile mind, enabled him to make a success of almost every line he took up. I remember once listening to him talking in the club room at Walton Heath. In an hour, while I waited for the car which would take me home, he touched on all his subjects and revealed his mind and character in all their aspects. He began with golf reminiscences, switched off to half-a-dozen "after dinner" anecdotes which followed each other logically, aptly, and naturally, albeit he followed the precedent of Sir Algernon West and carried an indexed notebook of anecdotes in his pocket. Then he spoke intimately of the foibles of the War leaders in politics, and finally he revealed a "John o' London" facility in a causerie of literary small beer. It was all very easy and amusing, though I never heard anything profound or remarkable fall from his lips. He was too versatile for specialisation or profundity. I think his now famous Diaries show this. He was, I believe, a kindly, generous, amusing man, and a good friend to many. He was not a Scott in journalism; he was rather of the great Northcliffe brotherhood. But whereas Northcliffe rose from the lowest rung of the ladder, Riddell set his foot first on the top rung and, for all I know, visited some of the lower ones in his career in Fleet Street.

A RARE COMBINATION.—Lord Buckmaster was one of the most brilliant judicial intellects of his time. In this he may be compared with Birkenhead. His mind was clarity itself and worked with amazing speed. He had an instinct for seeing the vital point ahead and a power of forcibly keeping to that point all concerned in the case. More generally, his intellect for its immense versatility suggests comparison with Brougham. Secondly, he was unique in the combination of brilliant and cool judicial ability with a humanitarianism which many regarded as almost "crankiness." He was emotional in his passionate advocacy of the oppressed and in his hatred of seeming injustices. Such cranks as he are as rare as invaluable. The average humanitarian is for ever wandering from the issue. With Buckmaster the causes of humanity were pressed home with brilliant logic and the speed and assurance which complete relevance and clarity of mind alone can achieve.

PEACE OR WAR? NATIONAL OR SOCIALIST?—I deliberately refrained from commenting on—

(*a*) The Peace Ballot,
(*b*) The Putney by-election.

Because, if I had expressed my views of the usefulness of the former, I might have been deluged with militant letters from "supporters of peace" and loosely and very unjustly dismissed as a war lover; while, if I had said what I feel about the Putney by-election, I might have put too crudely my opinion of the average supporter of national government. But since, it seems, the Government is to be labelled as standing for a policy of war, and Socialism as standing for the apparently simple reform of world peace, I will say my say. As regards the peace ballot (the forms for which have not been sent me, though I am a householder with ten in family), the weaknesses of its questionnaire have been so nakedly exposed by the now famous debate on Germany and national defence that it needs no further exposure, since there is not an individual in the land who would not answer the majority of the five questions precisely as the promoters desire. The whole crux of the ballot is the alternatives offered in 5 (*a*) and 5 (*b*), as to which there is hardly a man or woman over eighteen in Britain who is as yet equipped to give a reasoned answer. And so to Putney. The result of that by-election revealed the horrible dilemma of National Government, the majority of whose supporters are unfortunately Conservatives. "Too proud to fight," too idle to defend himself, the average Conservative voter is the most frail supporter of a good cause. He drifts along on the principle that it will be all right on the night. How often since the War has he been shaken by a kick in the pants while he buried his head in the sands?

ENERGY AND UNITY.—For on what do the results of General Elections depend? Largely on reaction in public opinion, which grows and swells on the results of by-elections. It is never "all right on the night" unless infinite pains have been taken with preparation and rehearsal. All of us who have suffered the intolerable boredom of amateur theatricals know that. With this type of supporter the National Government must face the facts. With an unscrupulous and well-organized and intensely keen opposition, opposing a disorganized rabble of molluscs, National Government must realise at this late hour that politics is not a "gentleman's game." The old conception of what a gentleman could and could not do, does not apply to politics. A "gentleman" was once supposed to say very little about his own achievements, and to say as little about his neighbour's failure and frailties; and to indulge neither in malice nor slander against his rivals. It is high time for National Government to put off the gentleman and take off the gloves. Time is short; let him begin to scream from every house-top the achievements of National Government during three-and-a-half years; let him boost till he burst. They do this sort of thing better in America. And let him take his coat off and take a brush and brush off, before the

A CROWDED DAY FOR THE PRINC... social service centre at Stanley ... of last week of the depressed ar... land at 7 o'clock in the mornin... ing that his long program...

letters sink in, that label "war-monger" which the Opposition have chalked ... the back of it; and let him take anoth... brush and dip it in red paint and splo... it on the coat of his rival who perfect... appreciates that kind of political fightin... With such supporters as it suffe... from, National Government must beg... to fight its own battle with mode... weapons. I do not suggest that t... voting of the Conservative delegates ... the Queen's Hall on the Select Co... mittee Report was not the result ... honest opinion, influenced by the s... and strong speeches of Mr. Baldw... and others, and based on honest opini... concerning India alone; but I ... believe that some inkling of the dan... which lies ahead of National Gove... ment and the Conservative Party dur... the coming critical year, induced ... delegates thus to declare for a uni... front; and I am thankful for the re... of the poll. Will Socialism find it q... easy to assure the electors that ... undertaking so sensationally given ... Mr. Eden at Geneva of Brita... willingness to contribute to the in... national force to keep the peace dur... the Saar plebiscite, is one more proo... the Government's "junker" prop... sities. Not if logic or a sense ... humour enter into Socialism's menta...

Indeed, Mr. Lansbury indicated in the House, following Sir John Simon's spirited statement, that the Socialist Party supported this unique step to re-establish the League's prestige. Close on its heels came that second triumph over the Yugoslav crisis.

MR. ARLISS'S PANTOMIME.

—I have returned bitterly disappointed from *The Iron Duke*. I had pinned my faith on this expensive British film showing a great advance in historical accuracy over the preceding so-called historical films in which Mr. Arliss took leading rôles. There is no such advance. It is a gorgeous Christmas pantomime which bears as much relation to the truth about Wellington during the Waterloo campaign as does a pantomime of Dick Whittington to the history of a great mayoralty in the City of London. It is strange, it is bitter, that an actor as popular as Mr. Arliss must still, for box-office purposes, play down to the least educated of the public, and that to ensure a "love interest" the clumsiest tamperings with the truth must still be employed by those who prepare films for this clever actor. One would have thought that the bare catalogue of facts in connection with Wellington during the Hundred Days was romance enough. Creevey's footnote to history alone, accurately staged, would make a film far more exciting and romantic than the sum of the fantastic episodes in *The Iron Duke*. What indeed are the facts on which the "romance" of this new film are based? Lady Frances Webster was no pure-minded, enthusiastic child. She was that shop-soiled Fanny whom even Byron found too tiresome, vapid, and boring to seduce when she offered him the chance. She was a woman (in his own words) who "once falling for ever must fall." It is safe to say that in a pillow review of his innumerable ladies Wellington probably did not ten years after Waterloo even recall the name or appearance of Frances Webster. That he wrote her a line on the eve of Waterloo is true, but not a vital enough truth on which to found a romance for Fanny. As for Webster, he was already in 1815 a tedious bore, an adventurer and philanderer, heavily in debt. In a letter in my possession Byron speaks of him as a "Cavalier with a black wig and an easy sense of virtue," who had borrowed of him and never repaid £1,000 at the very hour when he (Byron) was toying with the idea of seducing Lady Fanny.

TRUTH IS BEST ROMANCE.

—As for Mr. Arliss's Wellington, never for one instant during the play (except perhaps when he returns to his billet immediately after the meeting with Blucher) does he bear the slightest resemblance to his original. He is for the most part the popular Mr. George Arliss; not seldom he is Mr. George Graves. The Ney episode again is a travesty of the facts, employed to produce that hoary film device—the race with Time. Why must these things be? There are men still alive (my father, for instance) who saw Wellington in the flesh. The late Duke of Wellington was actually grandson of the Iron Duke. A fact which renders travesties of that great, if human, man's character acts of doubtful taste. If the film rejects all and any educative responsibility, let it declare that fact and let us readjust our respect for it and our interest in its future. What a waste of money and endless hard work and rich material in actors and actresses. For the *Iron Duke* has its great moments, its splendid and moving incidents, and shows forth its immense potentialities; *if only* it could realize that truth and proportion do not kill romance and that the public is not such a contemptible herd of swine as all "money-making" concerns in the sphere of the arts, literature, and journalism will have it. How few dramatic critics in London dared to set forth the truth.

HABEAS CORPUS — A NOTE ON BLOODY JEFFREYS

—They opened the other day at Stocklinch Church near Ilminster in the West Country an old vault in the church. It was opened to bury the body of Mr. Jeffreys Allen, the old J.P. the circumstances of whose death were investigated by Sir Bernard Spilsbury. Mr. Allen was of the family of Judge Jeffreys. The vault held eleven coffins, all but one identifiable. The eleventh was very old and nameless. There is a village tradition still extant that the Bloody Judge was, after various removals, buried in that old vault secretly by his relatives, and of course the unidentified old coffin is now hailed as the wicked Judge's. I'm afraid it is "only a rumour," though, for all I care, Stocklinch may "have the body" of the First Lord Jeffreys of Wem, that hard-working and ambitious scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, and Westminster School, who became Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor (the youngest ever) under Charles II and James II. I will not whitewash him. Others have done so lately and pinned "Liar" to the coat tails of Lord Macaulay. His great ambition certainly turned him into a time-server and tempered his justice with politics. But it should not be forgotten that, though he was a drunkard and an opportunist, his legal brethren recognized his worth, and he was in the direct line of a type of "hanging Judge" which persisted even to the nineteenth century. Stevenson's picture of Lord Braxted in his *Weir of Hermiston* is probably a good likeness of the type of which Jeffreys was a pioneer a century earlier. These old judges of the hanging type were not bad lawyers. They were honest according to their lights. They thought crime abhorrent and saw no reason for concealing their zest and pleasure in hunting criminals to the gallows with all the brutality which legal procedure allowed. But they usually conducted the legal procedure with strictness. A truer portrait of Jeffreys is found in Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. Jan Ridd found him just and humane, if formidable. Still . . . Stocklinch may have the body of Jeffreys if they can justly claim it. But I don't think they will succeed. When James fled, Jeffreys tried to fly also. But he was nabbed while drinking himself drunk in the Red Cow at Wapping, and he certainly died in jug on April 18, 1689, at the early age of forty. They buried the body first in St. Peter's ad Vincula beside Monmouth's. Then in 1693 his family did indeed get a warrant to remove him but not to Stocklinch. They re-buried him in St. Mary, Aldermanbury, and as late as 1810, his coffin there was actually identified, close to the communion table. He was buried there beside his first wife, Aldermanbury being his sometime parish.

U.S.A.—SECOND THOUGHTS.

—After the intoxication of the great Whoopee of November 6, Americans are awaking sober and with headaches to a breakfast of second thoughts—that is to say, Americans who still retain the tiresome faculty of political introspection. As I forecast, Mr. Upton Sinclair is not inanimate or inarticulate in the wilderness, and EPIC still lives as an attractive and even inspiring ideal which may yet turn California into Utopia. These introspective Americans are saying to-day that the citizens of the U.S.A. have lost all pride and belief in individual character, and on the fatal Nov. 6th threw over representative government and plumped for dictatorship, that one man might take the whole strain of responsibility and relieve the citizen of all the worry and anxiety of his plain duty as a citizen. The average voter (they say) voted for any political candidate who promised to "support Roosevelt"; principles and policy they did not trouble to examine. They voted with their emotions, not with their brains. Be that as it may, it is not in doubt that already opposition leaders have come forward seeking to collect mobs of followers behind them, and promising to outdo Roosevelt in his tremendous schemes for relief. Thus, there is Dr. Townsend of Southern California.

THE TOWNSEND PLAN.—

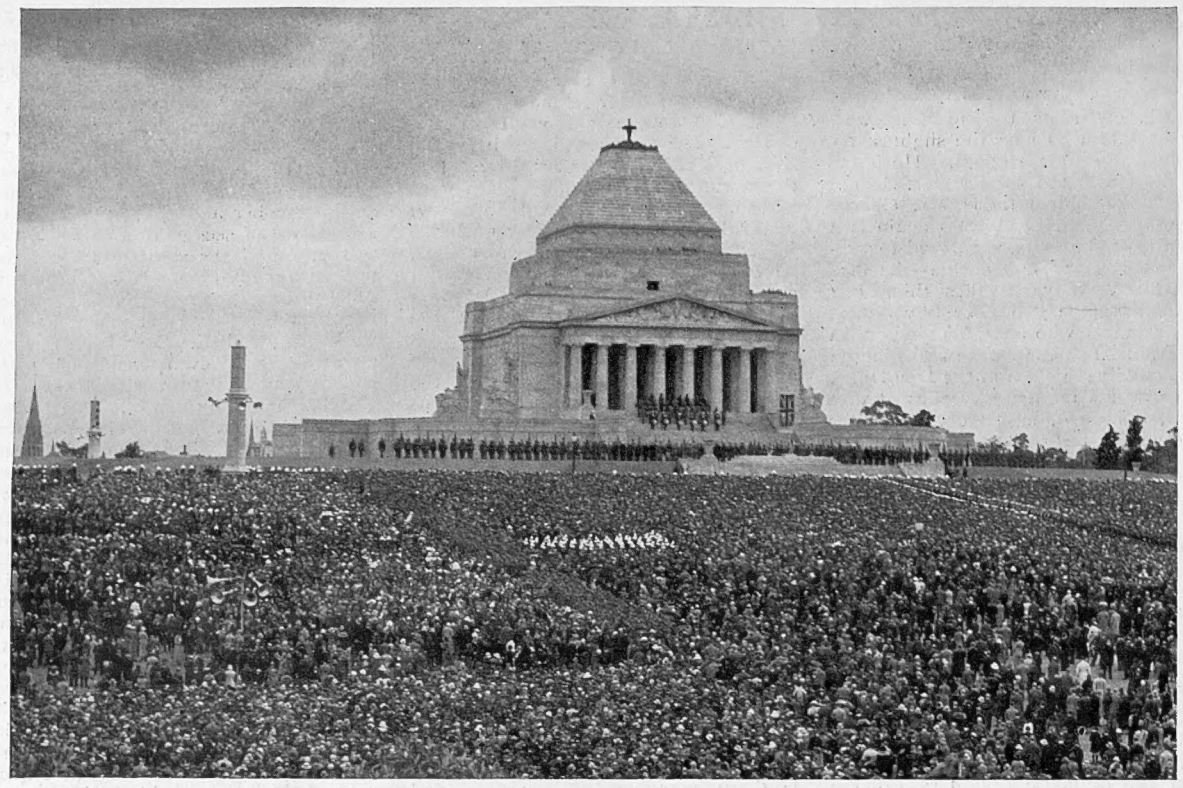
Dr. Townsend is said already to have collected 3,000,000 followers for his plan from forty-eight States. Briefly, his plan is to pay 200 dollars per month to every man-jack or woman-joan who is over sixty years of age on condition that they give up doing any work and promise to spend the whole allowance punctually in the States. Dr. Townsend waves aside all prophecies of disaster from his plan—the currency inflation which would result and the immediate rise in commodity prices which would soon render the purchasing power of 200 dollars rather less than that of 50 dollars. His supporters also are deaf to reason, and they increase. And Dr. Townsend is not the only crank with a following. The thoughtful American is saying that, in their drunken orgy of prosperity and their vainglory in scientific invention, Americans have deteriorated mentally, have forgotten the need for cultivating individual character and reason.

THE OLD STAGER

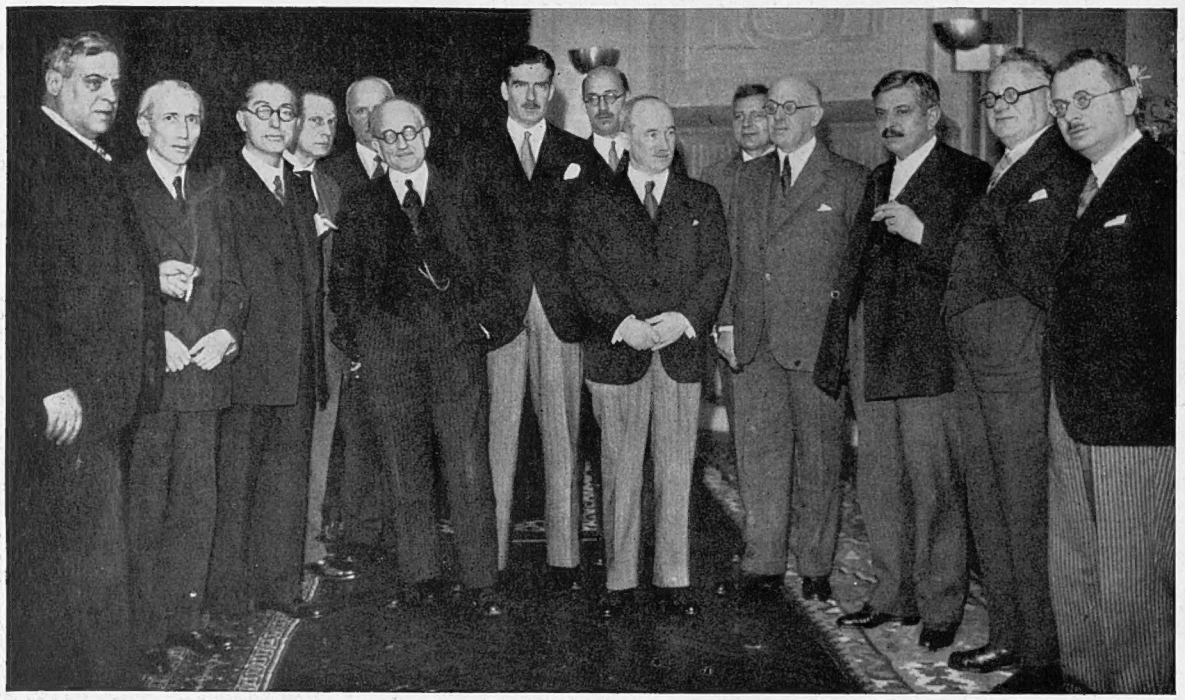
ALES: His Royal Highness leaving the s 120-mile tour by motor car on Friday ounty Durham. He arrived at Sunder- was not until 7 o'clock in the even- ngagements came to an end

FORGING A NEW IMPERIAL LINK: The giant Hengist machine seen shortly before it left Croydon on December 8 to inaugurate the first weekly air-mail service between England and Australia. Among the 100,000 letters and 5,000 lb. of parcels carried by the 'plane were gifts and greetings from the King and Queen to the Duke of Gloucester, which will be delivered to His Royal Highness in Auckland, New Zealand, on Christmas Day. In future the outward mail will leave London every Saturday morning, and the inward mail will leave Brisbane on Wednesdays. The distance is approximately 12,000 miles, and the time taken over the journey will be 12 days

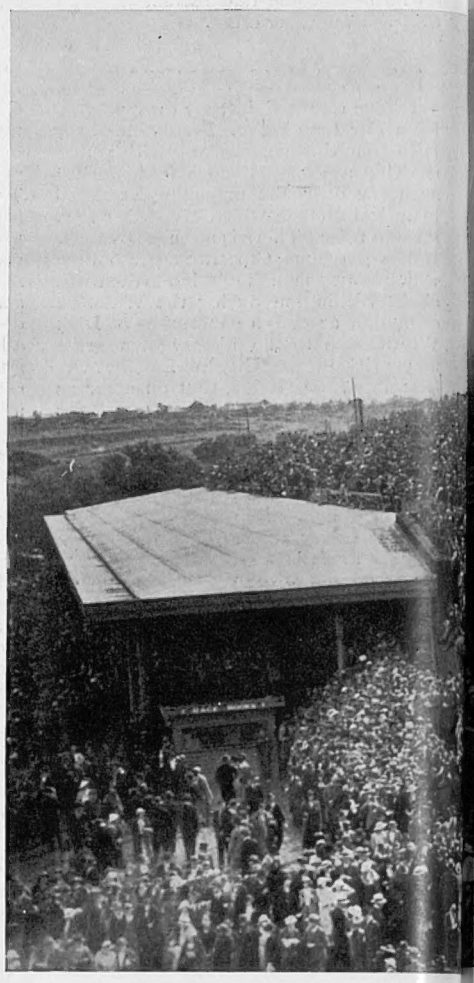
PASSING



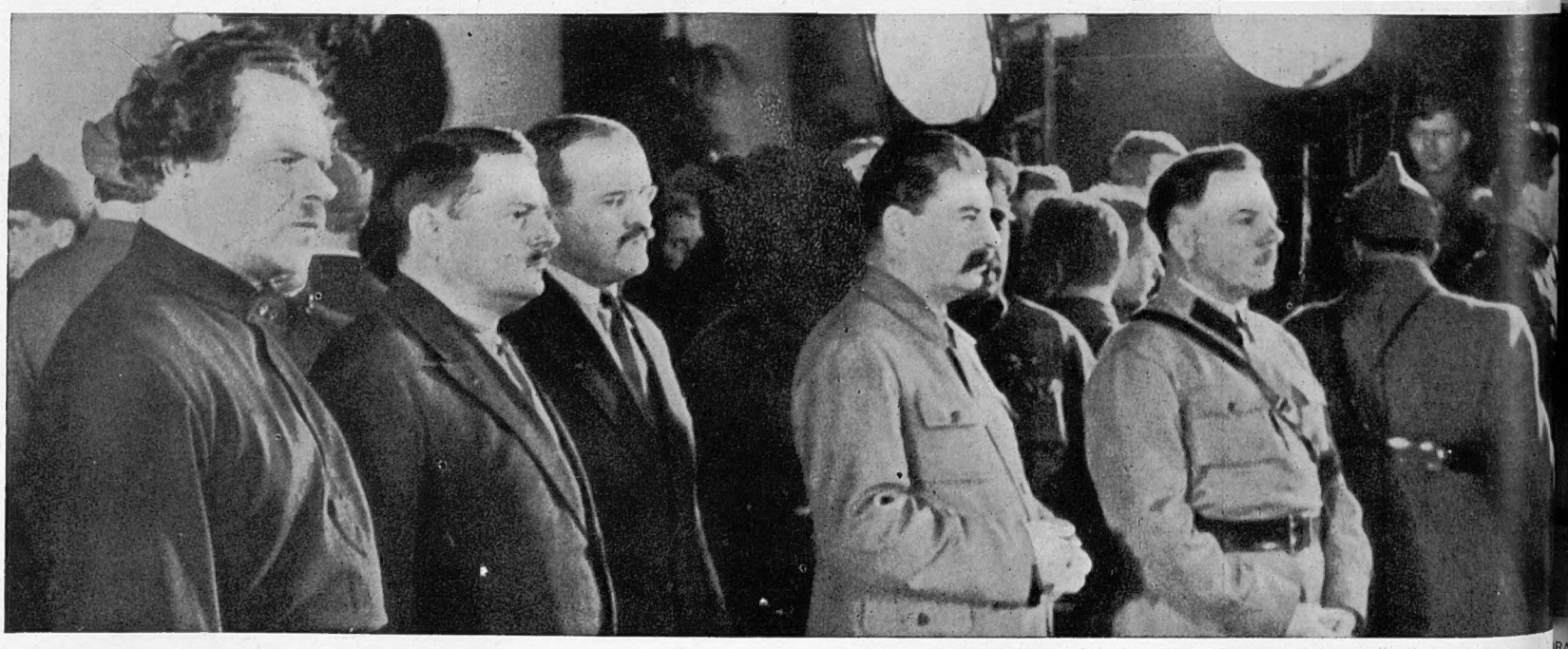
"TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF VICTORIA WHO SERVED THE EMPIRE IN THE GREAT WAR": A view of the vast crowd of over 300,000 people which attended on Armistice Day the dedication by the Duke of Gloucester of the recently-completed War Memorial in St. Kilda Road, Melbourne. Apertures in the outer walls of this beautiful granite shrine have been so placed that at 11 o'clock on November 11 every year for centuries to come a beam of light will shine through on to the Rock of Remembrance within



PERSONALITIES AT GENEVA: Some of the statesmen who have been discussing Yugoslavia's protest to the League of Nations regarding the alleged harbouring of terrorists by Hungary and her alleged complicity in the assassination of King Alexander. The dispute, which threatened to bring about a grave crisis in Europe, now appears to be happily settled to the satisfaction of both Governments. Mr. Anthony Eden, who played an important part in the work of mediation, can be seen in the centre of the group, and second and third from the right respectively are M. Litvinoff of Russia and M. Laval of France

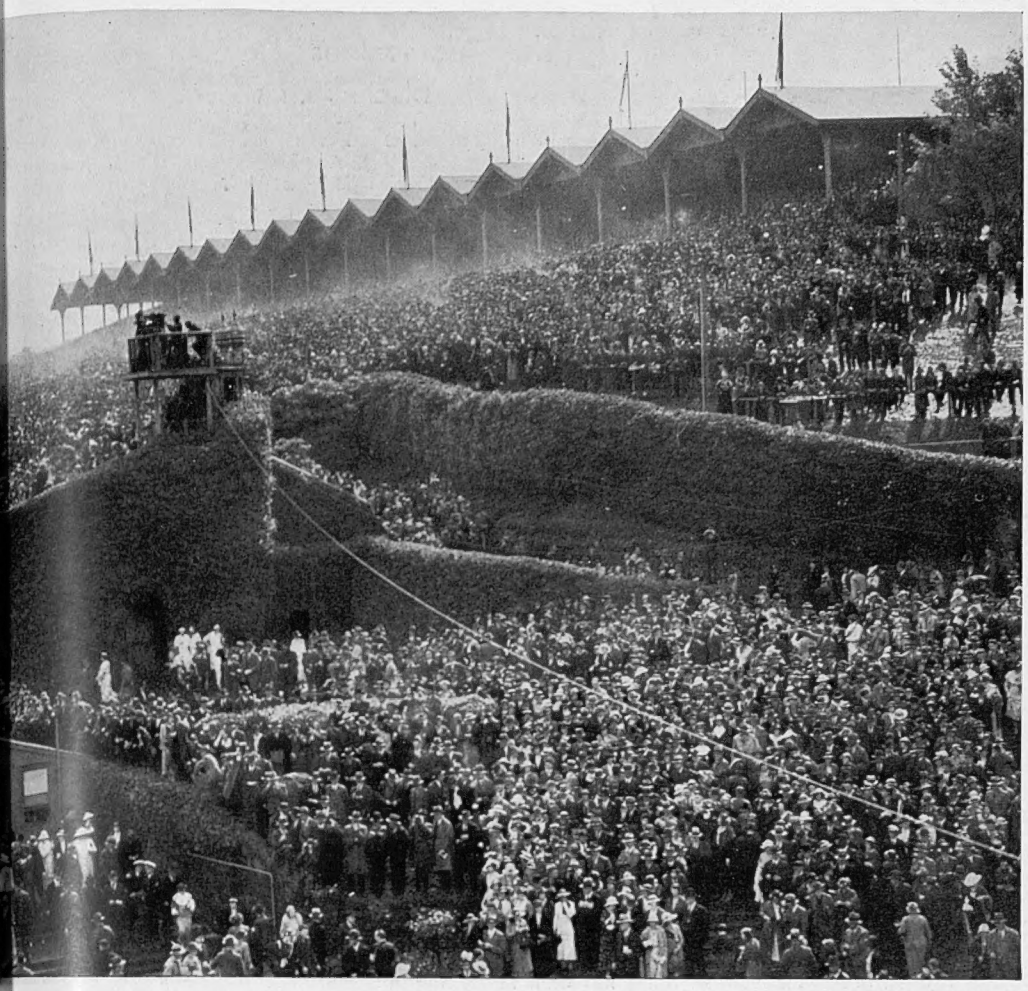


MELBOURNE CUP DAY: The scene on the thro by Peter Pan, Australia's most outsta the occasion, and several torre



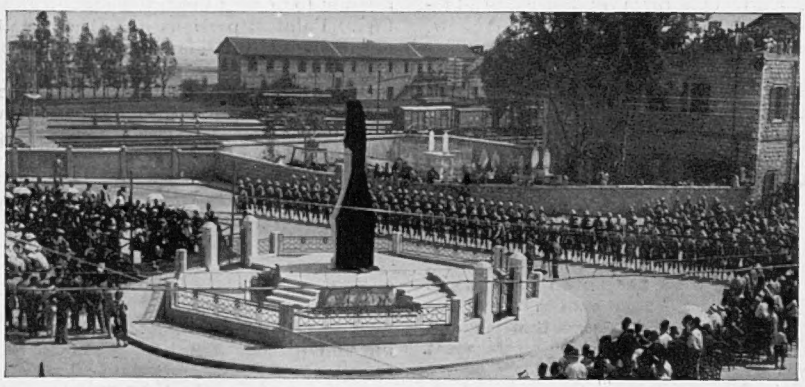
STERN MEASURES FOLLOW A POLITICAL ASSASSINATION: M. Stalin (centre) standing before the coffin of M. Sergei Mironovitch Kiroff, one of his leading associates Government, who was shot dead in Leningrad on December 2. There has been very little news regarding the circumstances of the crime, but one Nikolieff, described a assassin sent by the enemies of the working class" has been arrested. It is evident that the affair has aroused the gravest apprehension in Government circles, country has virtually been placed under martial law, and a decree has been issued forbidding tribunals to admit counsel for the defence at trials of persons accused of conn with terrorist organizations operating against Soviet officials

PAGEANT: A SURVEY OF IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN EVENTS



Grand Stand at Flemington a few minutes before the start of the big race, which was won in smashing style thoroughbred. The Duke of Gloucester was an enthusiastic spectator, but the weather was hardly worthy of downpours made matters decidedly unpleasant for those who could not find shelter

AN INVADER REPULSED: A Herald reading out a proclamation at the historical pageant held in Geneva last week to celebrate the 332nd anniversary of the day on which the citizens frustrated the attempt of Duke Charles Emmanuel of Savoy to gain control of the city



TROOPS DRAWN UP ROUND THE NEW MEMORIAL TO THE LATE KING FEISAL OF IRAQ AT HAIFA, PALESTINE, a few moments before the arrival of the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan to conduct the unveiling ceremony. The memorial takes the form of a broken pillar; symbolic of "a life cut off before completion." *Left inset*—Lieutenant Brueckner, Chancellor Hitler's adjutant, besieged by an eager crowd as he was collecting for the Winter Relief Fund last Saturday

RAFTED TO THE FRONTIER: French soldiers outside the station at Metz—the nearest point to the Saar at which troops are at present allowed to assemble. They will not take any part in the work of maintaining law and order in the territory during the plebiscite next January as it has been decided that this will be undertaken by an international force, with no interests at stake, which will be commanded by a British officer, Major-General J. E. S. Brind, C.B.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS PAY A VISIT TO MALINES: Their Majesties alighting from their car at the entrance to the Cathedral of St. Rombaut where they attended a festival in honour of famous Belgian composers of religious music

THE IDES OF JANUARY

The Momentous Day of the Plebiscite that will Decide the Fate of the Saar — The Dangers of a Large Minority Vote

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

AN AERIAL VIEW OF AN INDUSTRIAL METROPOLIS: Dominating this picture of Saarbrücken are the great steel works which since the War have been financed by the French

In a few days two battalions of British soldiers will detrain at Saarbrücken. The young soldiers (few war veterans in the Army now) will look round curiously for signs of the trouble which has brought them across the Channel to form the main contingent of the Saar international force. But they will see no external signs of trouble in the pleasant capital of this German coal country on the border between Lorraine and Germany. Some may go out to Volkingen, the industrial city, stronghold of "Scarface" Hermann Rochling, the industrial feudal baron who is the real power behind the German Front which Herr Pirro heads. Others may march through the green valleys where the Saar river winds between wooded hills, and villages cluster at the foot of the pumping towers and gas funnels of the coal mines. In neither zone will they see riot, bloodshed, barbed wire, or even public demonstrations.

HERR HERMANN ROCHLING, the industrial magnate and power behind the Nazi movement in the Saar

Things may change before voting day, but just now a cursory glance at external life in this tiny territory—a bare 730 square miles in extent, where half the workers among the 800,000 inhabitants dig coal or work in one or other of the three great iron and steel plants—fails to reveal that it is a live bomb, whose explosion would almost certainly touch off all the explosive gases which have been accumulating around Europe for the last fifteen years, and which are now held precariously in thin containers at dangerously high pressures.

Perhaps the bomb will not explode. In that case the soldiers will return to home barracks without having been made especially aware, either that their presence kept the peace of Europe in the early part of 1935, or that it was, mainly, due to two Britishers that they were kept polishing their bayonets instead of using them.

Four others, a Finn, a Saarlander, a Frenchman, and a Yugoslav, sit with Mr. G. G. Knox on the League-appointed Governing Commission of Five; but it is the Australian-born Irish professional diplomat, who saw service in Teheran, Berlin, and Madrid before the League handed him the Saar mandate, who really runs the whole show. Knox keeps the peace and protects the minority. He suppresses inflammatory and intimidating pamphlets, forbids all mass meetings, makes Nazi newspapers publish incriminating documents, suppresses minority papers which abuse Hitler too virulently, weeds German Fronters out of the police, and generally holds the balance so evenly that nobody loves him, the minority leaders being almost as critical of him as the Nazis, who hate him. He is tall, blue-eyed, with a short laugh, and an implacable sense of duty.

He it was who brought in Hemsley, that very English Englishman, to head the thousand Commission-recruited police, his Government's only protecting force until the 3,000 soldiers arrive; and now Hemsley goes around in tweeds and a pork-pie hat, a little riding cane in his hand, and sees that Communist meetings in halls are interfered with by Nazis no more than are Nazi hall meetings by Communists, and takes visiting journalists under his wing (Knox remains remote and never gives a press interview or makes a speech). The countess who runs Goebbel's propaganda for him in the Saar is charmed to arrange for important visiting journalists to dine with Rochling in his great house in the midst of his industrial empire. Rochling, wily, adroit, alert, tells them in his man-of-the-world way what he thinks they ought to know. Then, without the countess's help, the journalists get hold of the opposition spokesmen, and hear another tale. Finally, they ask Hemsley about this fact, that figure, and then they get the truth.

A NAZI STREET: Householders who are demonstrating in no uncertain manner which way they are going to vote at the plebiscite

The Saar majority is for re-union, no doubt about it. The territory has been German for a thousand years, French for no more than half a man's lifetime adding together the various years of French occupation. The irresistible call of the blood will even induce the majority to put up with Hitler and exchange good conditions for bad. "Better black bread with one's own than white bread with the foreigners," they were saying at the mighty Ehrenbreitstein demonstration which Hitler addressed. But Nazi headquarters want more than a bare majority. The Reichsfuehrer's prestige is involved.

The Saarlanders vote on three choices. They can join France, join Germany, or continue under the model, dispassionate, colourless League Commission rule. The French vote will be negligible. France anyway doesn't want the Saar in spite of the existence of two or three communes predominantly French which might vote for a return to France. She would be assuming a German minority problem, and a standing provocation to the Germans to attack. The coal mines have served her purpose; and she is getting £12,000,000 for them anyway.

But what will the League vote be? Every vote cast for a continuation of League rule means an anti-Hitler vote. Hence the fierce efforts, millions poured out, to whip up every vote for re-union. Qualified voters—only those are eligible who were Saar residents on June 28, 1919—who have left the Saar during the last fourteen years have been laboriously traced, offered the two-way passage and compensation to return and cast their vote. There has been padding of lists by the rival factions in the Saar; but the plebiscite commission, working overtime now checking lists against the sequestrated Saar public records, will straighten that out. A strong minority vote, say 20 or 25 per cent., will represent a Hitler reverse. It will also present Europe with its worst minority problem to date.

For the treaty makers of Versailles left the post-plebiscite situation indefinite. A majority for re-union does not make the Saar automatically German. *What the treaty says is that the League will arrange the future government of the Saar in conformity with the wishes of the population as revealed by the plebiscite.* The potentialities of trouble implicit in this criminal Versailles compromise are obvious.

The trouble may start immediately after the plebiscite. If the Nazi victory is overwhelming the militants may try to execute vengeance on the "traitors" before they can get away. If the re-union vote is not overwhelming, minority and majority factions may start fighting. There may be a Nazi inrush over the frontier (a big Saarlander legion has been in training in German camps for months, after the manner of the Austrian legion intended for the putsch which failed of success but which resulted in Chancellor Dollfuss's death), and an attempt to present the League with an accomplished fact. Political passions and Berlin policies apart, criminals, half-wits, fanatics, agents of provocation, anarchists, may try to start the guns exploding; and if the international brigade cannot keep the peace, suppress the fighting, or resist an inrush, all the efforts of Knox and Hemsley and the plebiscite commission to see that only qualified voters go to the booths on January 13, and that every voter casts his vote free of pressure, and secretly, will amount to no more than a handful of chaff overtaken by a gale.

The inevitable refugee problem will be small compared to the problem which will be created by a large minority vote.

The large fact about the Saar situation which has taken a couple of battalions of British soldiers to eat their Christmas dinner in a League-ruled German coal patch is that neither France nor Germany want to get involved in war over it; one is ready but afraid, and the other is unready and daren't start.

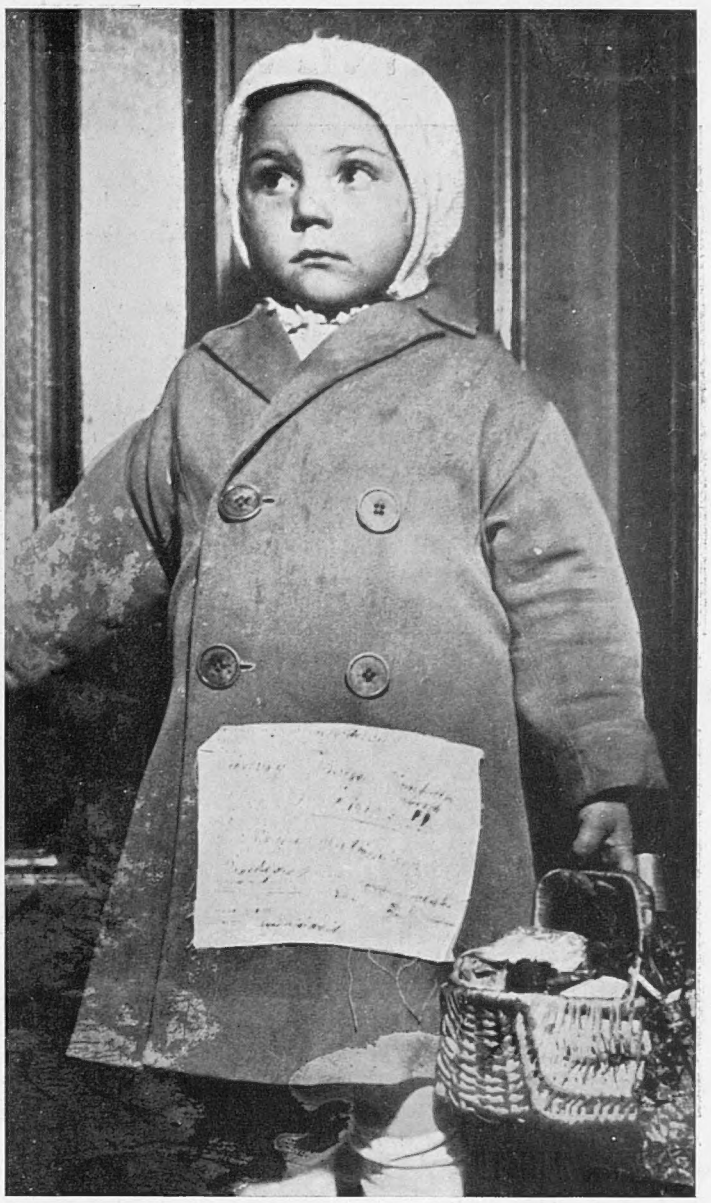
The worst possible thing that could happen would be a large minority vote and an attempt on the part of the League to detach communes on the basis of the voting or in any way prolong the agony of the Saar uncertainty.

PRE-PLEBISCITE PROPAGANDA: A retail firm in Saarbrücken displaying the German flag

YUGOSLAVIA EXPELS HER HUNGARIAN POPULATION

Tragic Scenes as the First Refugees Arrive in Budapest

INNOCENT VICTIMS OF A POLITICAL STORM: Some of the Hungarians who were driven out of Yugoslavia last week seen at a welfare centre in Budapest where they are being provided with the bare necessities of life while arrangements are being made for their future. They are said to have been expelled as a measure of retaliation against the Hungarian Government for its alleged responsibility for the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia



A SUSPECT? Four-year-old Jucika Varossy, who had been living in Yugoslavia under the care of her grandmother, was ordered to leave the country and her grandparent was not allowed to accompany her to the border. A card bearing the child's name and destination was pinned to her coat, and she was met at the frontier by her mother, who is a widow with barely sufficient means to support even herself

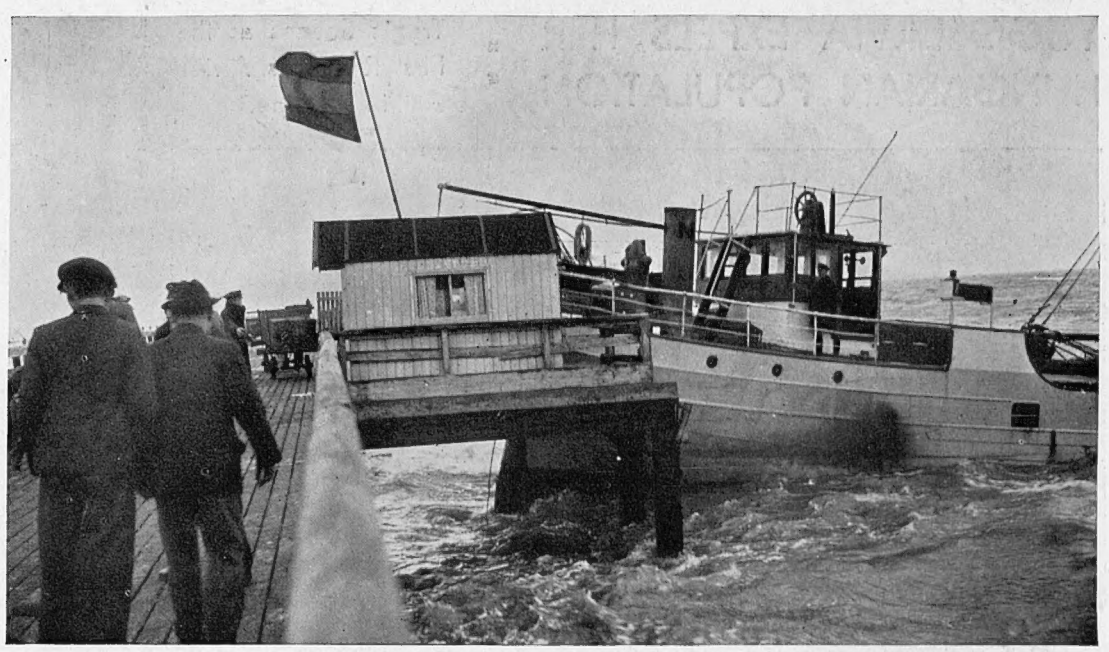
IN A BUDAPEST WORKHOUSE: Another group of refugees resting after their long journey across the frontier. Those who received the expulsion order when they were in their homes were fortunate compared with the many who were summoned from their work and not even allowed to gather together any belongings before their departure. Note in this picture the baby sleeping on the lid of a basket

FOOD FOR THE FAMISHED: Having their first meal for many hours after their arrival in the Hungarian capital. Large sums have already been subscribed for the relief of these people who number in all about 3,000, but, in spite of this, it is feared they will be a very heavy burden on the resources of the State for some months to come

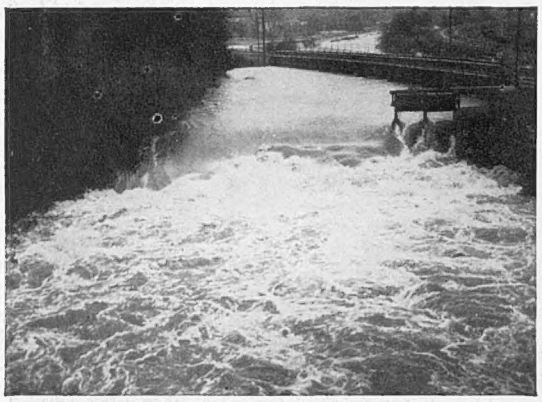
HUNGRY AND HOMELESS: Waiting their turn for a meal

HOME NEWS

MILK AND WATER: A milkman making his way along a country road near Bude, Cornwall, which became flooded after three days of torrential rain



"OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE": The Dutch motor vessel, *Titia*, photographed after she had crashed into the pier at Walton-on-Naze, Essex. A few hours before this the boat had run ashore, and it was while she was being towed out to sea that the hawsers snapped and the second mishap occurred



AFTER A RAINLESS SUMMER: *Left*—A view of a swollen tributary of the River Exe showing how, as a result of the recent rains, it has nearly come up to the level of the girders of the G.W.R. bridge at Stoke Canon, near Exeter. *Right*—This wagonette was brought into use a few days ago to convey cyclists and pedestrians along a flooded portion of a Perthshire main road

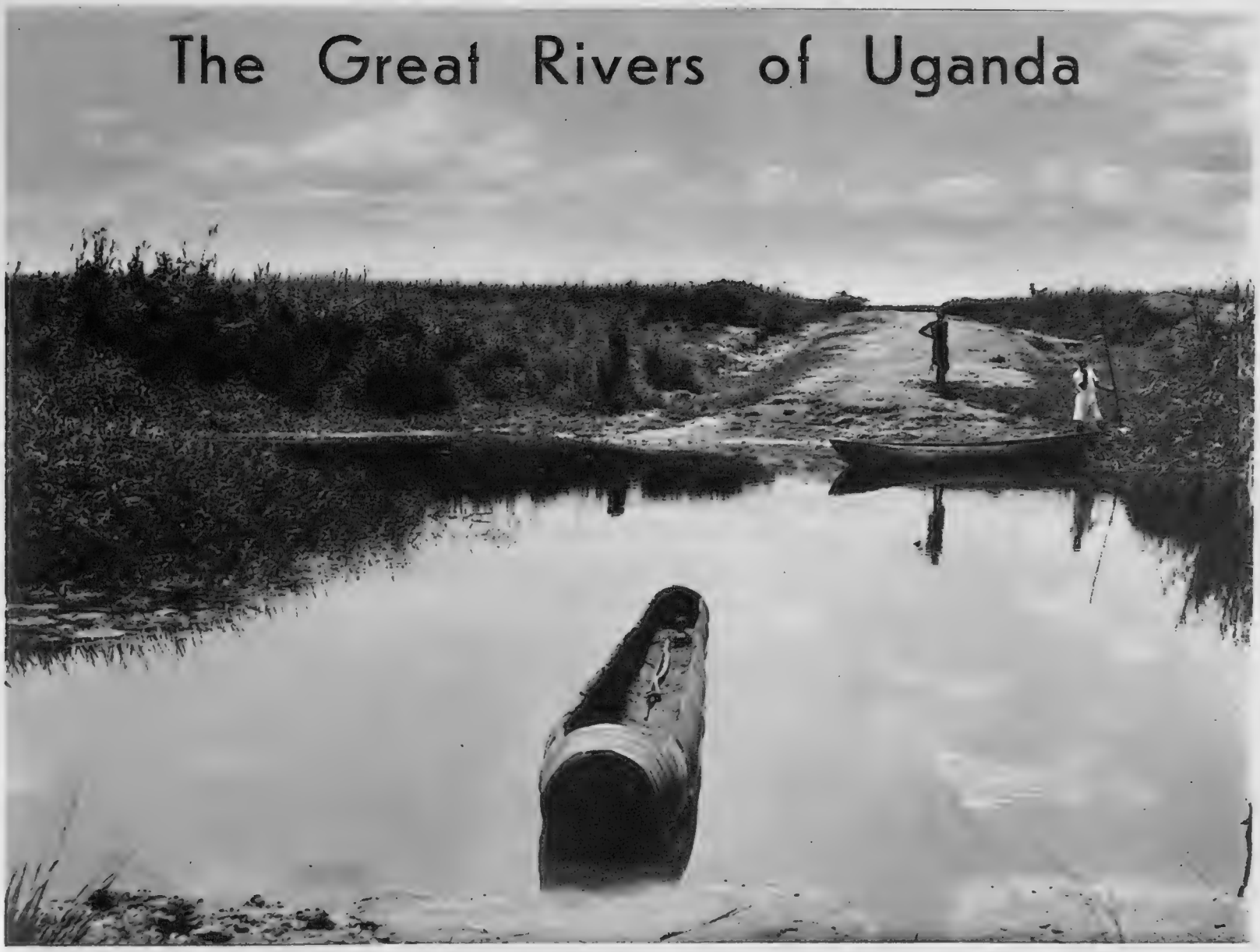
MODERN MAGIC: The 24,000-ton Orient liner, *Orion*, gliding down the slipway at Vickers-Armstrong's shipbuilding yard at Barrow-in-Furness. She was launched by His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, who pressed a switch at Brisbane, 12,000 miles away. Wireless did the rest

AN IRISH TRAGEDY: A priest carrying on a conversation through a speaking-tube with Charles O'Leary, the man who was trapped in a well at Greystones, Wicklow, and who died before his would-be rescuers could reach him

BRIGHTON TRUNK CRIME No. 2 — THE TRIAL OF TONY MANCINI: Mr. John Flowers, K.C., and Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., the counsel for the defence, leaving the court at Lewes, Sussex, after the opening session. Both the trunk crime cases have been engaging intense activity on the part of the police for many months past

THREE FLYING ACCIDENTS.—*Left*—Salvaging the machine in which Mr. Bart Tonge, of Dundee, made a forced landing in the Thames after flying blind over London in a thick fog. The pilot, strangely enough, did not even get his feet wet, as he jumped from his sinking 'plane on to a passing tug which brought him ashore. *Centre*—The wreckage of the R.A.F. bomber that last Sunday collided in mid-air with a privately-owned machine near Castle Bromwich Aerodrome. The pilots were killed instantly, and one of the passengers died after reaching hospital. *Right*—Both occupants of this 'plane had remarkable escapes from death when it crashed near Malling, Kent, after striking the wired poles in a hop garden

The Great Rivers of Uganda



WHERE THE ROAD ENDS: Native "dug-out" canoes at a ferry station on the Kafu river, the waterway which drains a large part of the Uganda Protectorate and which joins the upper reaches of the Victoria Nile near Lake Kioga

A REMOTE BEAUTY SPOT: A picturesque view of the Victoria Nile where it broadens out after dropping 400 ft. over the narrow Murchison Falls in a series of cascades. The river, which is infested with crocodiles in almost unbelievable numbers, is navigable from this point until it flows into Lake Albert sixteen miles away

FRENCH SUBMARINES IN SCOTTISH WATERS: A stern view of the *Amazone*, *Meduse*, *Danae*, and *Psyche*, after they had berthed in the north-east corner of the Edinburgh Dock, Leith. They created considerable interest during their week's stay and crowds turned out to watch them leave for Norway, where they are now making an extended visit. It will be noted that the guards for the propellers and rudders look like the fins of some giant fish

POSING FOR THE PRESS

Members of the crew of the flagboat of the French submarine flotilla seen during their visit to Leith

The French Navy at Exercise

Edinburgh has latterly become as popular a resort for foreign men-of-war visiting Britain as London or Portsmouth; its latest visitors being four of the most up-to-date French coastal submarines, *Amazone*, *Meduse*, *Danae*, and *Psyche*. After the War it was complained that French men-of-war spent far too much of their time in port, and also that the dockyards and private contractors delivered new ships in a condition far from perfect. So the late M. Leygues, Minister of Marine, ordained that every new French ship, from the biggest battleship to the smallest submarine, should go on a "shakedown cruise" of some thousands of miles, depending on her type.

Any faults in her construction were bound to be revealed, the crew got to know the ship thoroughly, the French flag was constantly being carried to foreign ports by the latest and most interesting ships and, at a time when the conscript seaman had his period of compulsory service reduced to twelve months, it was an excellent recruiting attraction for long-service volunteers of just the type that the Navy wanted. Long cruises and extra sea time are now the order of the day, for the not quite so new ships as well as those just delivered, while the sea time of British ships is reduced to the minimum, and their speed drastically controlled to save money on fuel.

The Diane class to which three of these four ships belong was a regular feature, four ships a year, in the French naval estimates for five years. Minor alterations only have been introduced into their design. They are described as coastal submarines, and are avowedly for defensive purposes only, yet their submerged displacement of 809 tons is practically the same as that of the famous British E class during the War. Their Diesels, which are French modifications of the Vickers type, will take them 3,000 miles at 10 knots, and the tall masts for their long-distance wireless are conspicuous.

F. C. B.

YOUNG JAPAN

At Work and Play

THE MONSTER BOY OF FUKUOKA: The father of this eight-year-old youth astonished Japanese professional Sekitoris (wrestlers) when he suggested that his son should be their apprentice and assist them in training bouts. His strength is said to be phenomenal

A SIGNAL HONOUR: Thirteen-year-old Yoshio Saito, a brilliant scholar at Taimei Primary School, who was selected from the youth of Japan to deliver the welcome greetings to delegates at the 15th International Red Cross Conference in Tokyo. The Japanese photographic agency which took this picture describes him as "being with a healthy smile"

A POPULAR RE-CHRISTENING: Students cheering after the unveiling of the gateway bearing the new name of their school which is now called the Togo Primary, instead of the Kamiroku Primary, in honour of the great Japanese naval commander who died this year

AT THE UYENO ZOO: The three daughters of the Emperor Hirohito, Princesses Teru, Taka, and Yori, photographed during one of their many visits to the Zoological gardens

A SERVANT OF THE EMPEROR: Mrs. Yoshiko Noguchi (second from left), who has just retired from the post of nurse to the little Crown Prince, seen with her husband and members of her family after her return home

AT THE FRONTIER: Where the officials carefully scan all passports in an effort to detect the "undesirables" who every day attempt, and often succeed, in getting by with false identification papers

EUROPE'S FIREBRANDS

The Ever-Growing Army of Terrorists that Threatens the Peace of the Continent

By FERDINAND TUOHY

INSIDE of a few months, four men in the front rank of European affairs have been assassinated: Duca, Dollfuss, Alexander, and Barthou. This is fairly strong going, and no doubt some of us are peering ahead in anxiety concerning what 1935 may hold.

If there was one thing above all others that one might have thought we should have taken to heart, in relation to the tragedy of 1914, it was surely the dire danger of the terrorist hand, as flourished in our then uncomprehending faces by the student, Princip.

Yet apparently there is just as much danger, and more, of things happening again, as they did at Sarajevo. At any rate, that is a legitimate enough conclusion to draw from the Yugoslavian indictment of Hungary where such novelties as terrorist shooting camps, to keep the execution squad's hand in, are alleged to have been encouraged. Budapest angrily denied the imputation, and demanded that M. Benes, the Czechoslovakian Foreign Minister, should be replaced in the Presidency of the League Council in the event of the charges coming before that body, but the wider public is hardly exercised so much by these mutual recriminations as by the general absence of strict control of terrorist circles and individuals that seems to be the order of the day. These ambling powder-magazines can apparently move about the Continent with a highly disconcerting freedom, thanks to false identity papers and nodding frontier officials or worse. When one country draws the attention of a second to the presence of explosive agitators on the latter's soil, probably preparing some coup or other, the usual practice seems to be to do nothing about it.

Yet there never was a time when more caution was necessary; there never was a period when the cumbersome and infinitely annoying passport, visa, and other bureaucratic methods of control over a card-indexed and long-suffering public should function more efficiently. At great expense and exasperation to itself, the European public maintains this control system. What results from it? Far from keeping the really bad men segregated, the plethora of passports actually emerges as a considerable help to these gentry. The trade in stolen and "treated" passports has never been brisker—in some quarters they are now being turned out at clandestine presses. A British passport will fetch the highest figure, as high as £25 (I know, because mine was stolen, in Paris, some years back). The majority of these traded personal papers are acquired by white slavers, dope purveyors, secret agents and slim guys or criminals desirous of ducking the police, yet more and more of them are passing into the hands of political agitators and potential terrorists.

ONE has but to take a swift glance at the map to appreciate how this latter company has swelled of late years. Time was when the dreamers and malcontents would be restricted to little clusters at places such as Lugano, Geneva, London, Paris, Barcelona, Brussels. It has latterly been computed that altogether some ten million people are currently living, in Europe, either as outright refugees or under conditions of government against which they rebel. What a forcing ground! A wonder, even, that we should have had to wait so long between a Princip and a Kelenen! How very necessary it seems to be to proceed with some form of purifying on a concerted international plan. For, of course, I'm not suggesting but that the immense bulk of these discontented ones are as incapable of political violence as you or I. It is the firebrands—the dangerous birds—who matter here. Are these gaining the upper hand by virtue of increased numbers, wider and subtler distribution, and rising popular indignation at the ridiculous impasse to which things have come—imposing want amidst plenty? However that may be, that there are far more trouble-cliques on the Continent than ever in the past admits of no doubt. More flamboyantly styled secret societies may have prevailed in bygone days. The tendency now is to cut out the window-dressing and keep right down to business. The murder-company that was wont to meet near Liége, prior to Marseilles, was a limited, undramatized affair of a dozen "engineers," "students," "professors," and "journalists," such being among the most frequently-met labels under which terrorists choose to go about their work.

The world-revolution, anti-Fascism and anti-Hitlerism, Gil Robles and Carol, Schussnigg, Gomboes, and Prince Paul, each and all spur on the hidden men of violence who also had a great send-off, at Versailles, when the Minority mandatory system was conceived. Our current conspirators hardly have to beat round long for material over which to conspire. It lies so readily to hand, born of our greater tolerance, fanned into being by that pretty but unworkable "self-determination" phrase. Minorities may well have been the only just way out, yet what a fertile soil they constitute for secret societies bent on provoking upheaval amid destruction. In one single quarter—M. Benes'—there is a 3,300,000 German minority. Minorities are dotted right and left—I believe there are sixteen of them—and as it seems as though countries holding mandates (like Poland) intend brooking much less outside interference in the future, clamping down their own rule instead, the prospect is not a rosy one, terrorists so notoriously finding their roots and *raison d'être* in these disputed plots torn by nostalgic longing.

MENTION OF BENES reminds that I have had the fortune to come across that vitally-concerned statesman's intimate meditations on secret societies. Here is what M. Benes had occasion to write some years ago—

"They rapidly form men's minds, force them to attention, reflection, and clairvoyance, teach them to penetrate psychology, judge situations, are in fact a regular school of life, educating men to profit by experience. They also teach courage, devotion, and an abnegation that soon develops into fanaticism. Indeed, all conspirators are or soon become fanatics with a narrow outlook based upon their intimate desires. I observed traits in them which I had previously known only in Russian novels. Clandestine action easily attracts men of adventurous spirits, incurable romantics, and sometimes lazy folk, too, who mistake pot-house intrigues for politics. Self-seekers also slip in, and weak characters who may drift into treason. All conspirators are prone to lose themselves in personal questions or trivial details, tilting against windmills and magnifying the adversary's slightest action into vast and diabolical designs. A conspirator's work is a preparation for revolution, and therefore essentially destructive. It is full of dangers for statesmen, killing their constructive strength or plunging them into an incurable condition of romanticism. That is why conspiracy is so different from politics, and why these innumerable cohorts of conspirators who raise wars and revolutions include only a small number of real politicians, and still less of statesmen."

Well—in the opinion of a good many, the time has come to go out with a tomahawk after the innumerable cohorts of war-raising conspirators who have dug themselves in round Europe during the unexampled grievance-period of post-War, and any one of whom may at any time, in a surge of high idealism, promote single-handedly a second Sarajevo-and-After by repeating the Marseilles assassinations in other and more volcanic quarters that hardly require more explicit identification here.

I shall not dilate on the gross scandal of Marseilles. Everything was wrong. The fellows were able to slip over frontiers and up to the running board (there is little doubt but that one or two more were distributed along the route "in case"). The prestige-ridden Paris *Sûreté* turned down offers of expert detective aid from London and from Belgrade. But the *Sûreté* is not the only force that does this sort of thing. We hear a deal about international police co-operation, about black lists conscientiously exchanged and dossiers forwarded "for information," of warnings sent, and so on. One wishes there were more substantiation to it all. Why duck things? Countries have been known surreptitiously to "wish" their terrorists on other countries, thus seeking to be quit of them. It has even come about that false passports have been placed in the way of thoroughly dangerous men, with the above end in view. Some police are not above suspicion, not so much as *agents provocateurs* but as camouflaged adherents of a secret circle.

THE BULK of conspirators, anyway the pivotal men, must be well known to the local policing authority in the several countries. "Tabs" (as the Americans say) have long been kept on them. The cafés and other haunts of these men are much of an open book to the secret services concerned—I myself know two Viennese rendezvous. Even the means by which our friends receive funds, and their method of coded communication, rarely long outwit vigilant observers put on the track. Anarchists, in half a dozen ways, are apt to write their personal story in the air about them, for hidden eyes to read. Nine times out of ten they are "intellectuals," which simplifies things, while the hours and company they keep, their furtive comings and goings and wider journeyings, their sudden accesses of fortune, and then long days obviously living at their wits' end—such things, and others besides, afford clear pointers. The difficulty is not so much one of uncovering terrorists as of defeating a frequently sinister and suspect disinclination to curb their activities. Like the heads of the drug traffic, terrorists seldom operate against the country where they have sought asylum, are ever most careful to remain within the law of that land. Their plotting is done *from* there, against other countries and régimes; and, alas, all too often the reaction of the local police is inclined to be one of: "They're not harming us." (They are conceivably even being useful to "us"!)

It boils down to this: the so-called "right of political asylum," proud feather in "civilization's" cap as it may be, the whole question of nations giving succour to the politically-in-rebellion of other nations, requires to be revised in the light of the infinitely more combustible Europe of the mid-twentieth century. As an illustration of how antique things have been allowed to grow, the Milan courts demurred from the French request for the extradition of two Croats alleged to have been implicated in the Alexander–Barthou murders on the strength of a moth-eaten treaty between the two countries dating back to 1870. Mussolini purposely wanted this result in order to bring France to a greater sense of reality touching the horde of anti-Fascist refugees she has long harboured despite repeated Roman protest.

THE DUCE'S ATTITUDE shows how the problem presents itself under two aspects. In the first place there is the Italian leader saying, in as many words, to the French Government: "You have a million of my nationals. Certain of them—here is a list—are a thorn in my side, when they are not a potential danger to me personally. I request that you find the means to send such ones back to Italy. As regards the bulk of *fuorosciti* in France, I request that you forbid the further publication of anti-Fascist organs, and that you prohibit demonstrations, meetings or activities of any kind directed against my régime. These excitations beget extremists who would otherwise be calmer individuals. To give haven to political refugees is one thing; to permit them to form a hotbed of plotting and discontent is another. The time has arrived to delete the latter reading of 'liberty,' in the cause of European appeasement."

Then there is the second and more urgent task of seeding individuals of no matter what nationality who are suspect of terroristic proclivities; of straightforwardly pooling all information in their regard, and of preventing them from circulating without warning first being given to other countries; of reporting all secret-society activities fully to the League (such as the Yugoslav "Black Hand" and the more recent Macedonian "Imro," though these are only given as instances); and of fashioning far more stringent extradition laws where terrorists and acts of terrorism are concerned. Incidentally, terrorists are engaged in other activities besides the spectacular rôle of bumping off prominent leaders who chance to run counter to their special brand of fanaticism. For example, arms running. Switzerland is just now a favourite channel. Notably, these fomenters of upheaval emerge as the main supplying sources of incendiary and other wrecking material destined for comrades lying low in this country and the other, awaiting the new edition of *der Tag*.

(Continued on p. 470)

ART OF THE CAMERA: Two of the Best Open-air Studies of 1934

IN CANADA'S WINTER PLAYGROUND: An avalanche of snow thundering over a precipitous cliff near Lake Louise, Alberta—a beauty spot famed for its amazing variety of scenery and for its wealth of rare flowers

SUMMER IN YUGOSLAVIA: This picture of a liner at anchor in the Gulf of Cattaro was shown recently at New York's Annual Photographic Exhibition and was selected by the judges as being one of the ten finest photographs produced this year. The Gulf is frequently visited by cruising liners, and lies on a picturesque stretch of coast about forty miles to the south of Dubrovnik

ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL ENGINES: The Delaware and Hudson Railroad Company's new type triple-expansion locomotive L.F. Loree, which was put i hauling heavy freight trains in the mountainous Susquehanna Division in Pennsylvania. It is streamlined in the modern style, has a 4-8-0 wheel arrangement, and weighs o which is, in fact, a six-wheeled Bethlehem auxiliary locomotive capable of developing an 18,000-lb. effort up

A MODERN PASSENGER TYPE: No. 653, another locomotive whi was completed a short while ago at the workshops of the De ware and Hudson Railroad Company near Albany, New York Stat Stringent tests have demonstrated that it can pull heavy an light trains with considerable economy of fuel consumption— essential in these days when the United States railroads a having to contend with such fierce competition from road coache and aeroplanes. It will be noted that the large rectangular plate which are attached to the outside of the running boards in orde to lift the smoke into the air and to give the crew a clear vie of the line ahead, are modelled on those employed in this countr

NO. 653—A FRONT VIEW: A picture taken before the engine left for Chicago where it was placed on view at the Century of Progress Exhibition this year. The warning bell, usually a prominent feature on American locomotives, is concealed on this type

Locomotives of To-day

All over the world the railroad companies are making praiseworthy efforts to improve their services and to provide luxurious passenger travel at high speeds and at reasonable cost, and freight services which will meet with the requirements of their customers.

Development in Britain and the United States is particularly rapid, and the pictures on these two pages deal with some of the most successful modern types of locomotives and their performances.

The Delaware and Hudson Company are certainly among the foremost pioneers on the American Continent, although probably not a few of their ideas have emanated from Britain, while the Union Pacific are making experiments in another direction. Their new Diesel streamlined flyer (illustrated in "The Sphere" of November 10) recently carried passengers from Los Angeles to New York in the excellent time of 56 hrs. 56 min. at an average speed of 62 m.p.h., and there is no doubt that, provided running expenses do not turn out to be too great, these trains have a very big future. Meanwhile Britain is relying on improved but less revolutionary types which continue to maintain our supremacy over all other nations.

SPEED AND POWER ON THE RAILROAD

service last year and has proved an outstanding success in the work of
170 tons, but its most remarkable feature is the rear bogie of the tender
10 miles an hour

THUNDERING NORTHWARD: A fine impression of the *Flying Scotsman*. A few days ago she broke yet another record by doing the journey from King's Cross to Leeds and back—a distance of 372 miles—at an average speed of 72 m.p.h. The return trip was accomplished in 2 hours 37 minutes, as compared with the previous best time of 3 hours 12 minutes

THE FLYING SCOTSMAN: *Left*—The final touch before the start of the run. *Right*—Steaming out of King's Cross Station. On her recent record-breaking trip to and from Leeds she maintained an average speed of 90 m.p.h. over a distance of twenty miles, and actually climbed the steep gradient near Grantham, known as Stoke Summit, at 80 m.p.h. —a performance of which no American train of to-day would be capable

THE PANTOMIME INDUSTRY

What it Costs Producers to Serve their Annual and Ever-Popular Christmas Fare

By CHARLES GRAVES

ONCE again the seasonal industry of pantomime is in full blast. Throughout the country more than 200 different productions have just started or are about to start, and one can estimate that they employ directly or indirectly about 35,000 people. The late Julian Wylie, whose sudden death last week came as such a shock to his many friends, was himself directly responsible for half a dozen of this year's shows including *Cinderella* at Drury Lane.

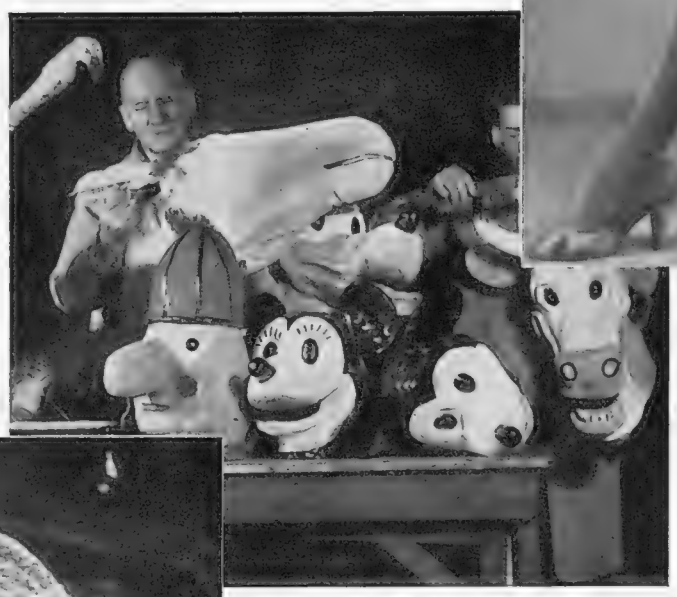
Nowadays pantomime has to be produced on a more and more elaborate scale if it is going to be a success. In the West End it costs at least £25,000 to put on a new show, and £10,000 to revive an old one. For *Cinderella* an area of fifteen miles of canvas is needed for the sets; the equivalent of a large wood is required for the timber of the big rostrums of the traditional staircases and frames for scenes, and for this show alone over ninety women have been employed since July making clothes. Wigs, on the other hand, are hired at a cost of £30 or £40 a week. 12,000 pairs of shoes at a guinea apiece, is a very expensive item in the budget. Indeed, special departments of the big shoe factories have to be organized to deal with the pantomime business.

The salary list is particularly high, for the star artists demand top salaries in view of the automatic shortness of the run, which can never be for more than twelve weeks. The salary list in any first-class pantomime is bound to be £1,000 a week. For in addition to the stars, there are four or five feature players who have to be paid £100 a week.

The pantomime season is looked upon by many people as their harvest of the year. There is a plasterer who comes out for Christmas and makes £70 a week out of Drury Lane for playing the parts of cats, dogs, and other animals. On the other hand, a theatre like Drury Lane will take as much as £10,000 a week, as it did last year and will do again this. There has only been one real flop at the Lane. That was when they had *The White Cat*, a new pantomime which the children did not know, and therefore did not like. For the kids are the arbiters of what the story should be, although the comedy, girls, gags, and songs are for the benefit of the grown-ups.

This season there is an "Enchanted Lake" for Cinderella. It is 40 ft. long, 20 ft. wide, and 6 ft. deep, and holds 300 tons of water. Altogether it is done in the best Moulin Rouge style and, by the by, I am told that these water scenes for which Paris is so well known were originally borrowed from London when they first made their appearance at the Hippodrome. It is not necessary to stress the labour, time, and cost of putting down and heating the pipes necessary for the water. The water must not be so warm as to steam and therefore look silly. For it is not a New Zealand scene. But it must be kept slightly above the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. When the girls emerge they have to have a special room for drying and fixing their hair. There is also a doctor standing by all the time, and a special life-saver. If you go to see the show you will notice that the girls are actually under water for an appreciable number of seconds.

PRINCIPAL BOY: Elsie Prince who will play the part of Dick Whittington in this year's Lyceum pantomime. She started her stage career in 1913 at the age of eleven, when she appeared in *Jack and Jill* at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin



PROPS. IN THE MAKING: Some of the animal heads which will be worn by the players in *Cinderella* — the elaborate production at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Mickey Mouse, it will be noted, is well to the fore

MORE GLITTERING THAN ROADWORTHY: Preparing Cinderella's coach for the opening performance—a picture taken behind the scenes at Drury Lane

In the case of Drury Lane, which has a very large stage, it is particularly expensive to people it. You have got to have a big cast for pantomime. All told, there will be 200 people in the cast, and about 385 others, including the orchestra employed during the run of the piece. The scene shifters will be about 200. The barmaids and programme girls tot up to fifty. The ushers, flunkeys, linkmen, and box-office attendants will number about the same. There are sixty dressers and an orchestra of forty.

Though pantomime has fought such a gallant fight against the talkies, it has lost ground in this respect: that there is very little sale of sheet music in connection with these productions. On the other hand the music publishers come round in hordes to the pantomime producers with their songs, in the hope that they will be used. They arrive in threes. One man plays the piano; one man sings the song; the third tries to sell it, talking all the time that his colleagues are singing and playing.

Another difference in pantomime to-day is the disappearance of the clown. At least, however, the audiences have as hearty an appetite as ever. Every child seems to be given a glass of milk in the interval. There is a very brisk tea trade. Ice creams and chocolates also are consumed in astonishing quantities. But then it is part of the pantomime that the public should eat. In the old days it used to be oranges and nuts, and on Boxing Night the galleryites used to throw the orange peel at the stalls. That was also part of the programme.

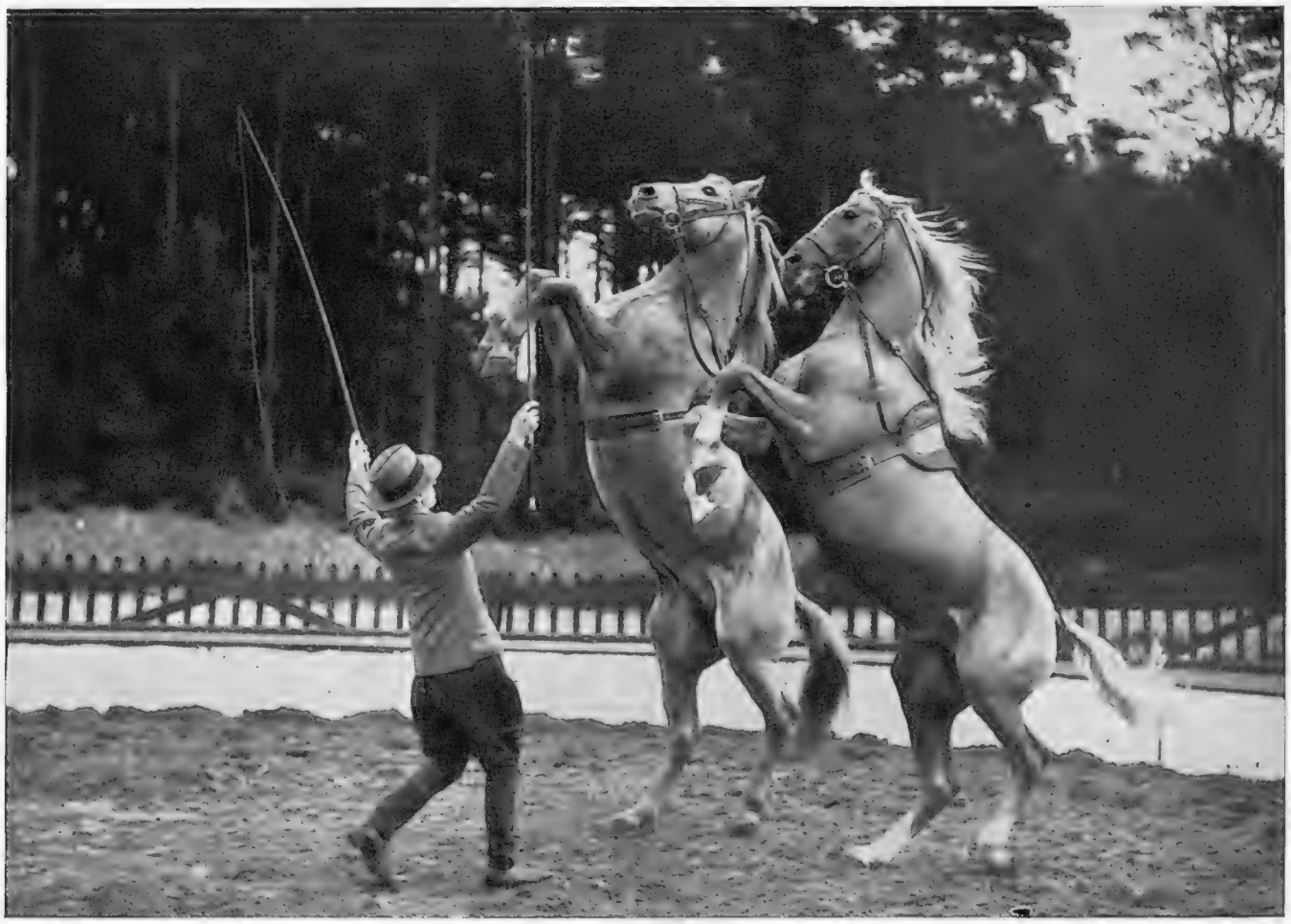
One of the heavy expenses of the pantomime business is the insurance of the principals. This varies according to their age and liability to illness, but in the case of a big pantomime it will come to about £2,000 for the twelve weeks. An almost equally expensive insurance, and one which cannot possibly be risked by the big producers, though the smaller ones no doubt will do so, is that against Royal demise. This means insurance against the death of any member of the Royal Family whose demise would involve Court mourning. The premium for this will come to as much as £1,400. The late Princess Royal died during the pantomime season, and the pantomime producers for the first time got some of their own back from Lloyd's.

Queen Victoria also died during the pantomime season, but in those days the producers had not learnt to insure themselves against such eventualities, and in consequence lost heavily. In some cases their loss was aggravated by the fact that many of the people in the pit and gallery, when offered the refund of their money when the death of the Queen was announced on the stage, made their way somehow through the stalls and so to the box-office. The result was that the cashier paid out more money in refunds than had been taken.

There is one curious tradition—though, indeed, there are many other kinds—about the producers' expenses in pantomime. This is the old-established custom that the principal boys have to find their own tights. Everything else, of course, is paid for by the management, but there is always a row when a new principal boy goes into pantomime and finds she is expected to pay for her tights.

If you ever stop to think during a pantomime you will get only the faintest idea of all the detailed work that the industry of the pantomime demands. There are "plots" for everything; costumes, shoes, wigs, and dresses, every piece of property, every change of scenery and lighting. Everything has to go like clockwork, and yet it is another tradition of pantomime that the rehearsals should last only a fortnight; a mushroom industry which metaphorically grows overnight, dies, and the following year grows up all over again. Nevertheless, in these twelve weeks at least £2,000,000 is paid by the public to see their old favourite.

PUTTING THEM THROUGH THEIR PACES: An equestrienne practising a spectacular act in the open-air ring at the winter training quarters of the Bertram Mills Circus near Ascot



THE COMING CHRISTMAS CIRCUS

POSE STATUESQUE: Another picture taken at the Ascot training quarters, where final rehearsals are now in progress for the opening performance at Olympia on December 20. A host of new and original attractions is promised this year, including Alphoff's waltzing elephants; double and triple somersaults on the trapeze by the Flying Conselos; a troupe of twelve riders from Montana, who give a thrilling equestrian act; Perez, the Cuban wire walker; and Alberti, the Frenchman, who does daring stunts at the top of a swaying 50 ft. mast

HEIL!! Saarlanders giving the Nazi salute at a meeting in Saarbrücken. In less than a month the plebiscite takes place, and the people will be called upon to decide whether they wish to become united to France or Germany, or to remain as they are

A DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT POST: Captain Arthur Hemsley, the English Chief of the Saar Police, photographed in his office. *Right*—Police guarding a Communist prisoner in the dock of the Supreme Court

GETTING OUT THE REGISTER: These men are employed in preparing the list of those who are entitled to take part in the plebiscite. Only those who have lived in the territory since the time of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles have the right to vote, and their names can all be checked from dossiers which were locked away in 1919 in a safe in the administrative building

MEN WITH A LOAD OF RESPONSIBILITY: The committee of the Ba and Señor Lopez Olivan of Spain) seen with their advisers in ... for the past month to decide on what terms Germany, in the ... the Saar. They have now agreed that France shall be paid 90 ... of exchange) as a total payment for the mines and for ...

During the post-War years nothing has done more to keep alive Germ... Saar. Most people agree, however, that France deserved some co... War and, now that the debt has been paid, there are not a few who ... nearly every standpoint is her own. The great ...

PREPARING FOR THE SAAR PLEBISCITE

SENTENCE: An impressive scene in the Supreme Court where an international bench of judges tries all cases, political and otherwise. From left to right on the rostrum are—Guiseppe Martini (Italy), the Attorney-General; Professor Cabral de Moncada (Portugal); Mr. James Meredith (Ireland), Vice-President of the Court; His Excellency Signor Bindo Galli (Italy), President of the Court; Judge Johann von Norderfolk (Sweden); Judge Anitard Repolbo (Spain); and Herr H. Raschen, the Court's Assistant

Baron Aloisi of Italy, Señor Cantilo of the Argentine, ...hlgi Palace in Rome where they have been meeting ... of the plebiscite going in her favour, shall take over ...,000 francs (about £12,000,000 at the present rate ... other French State credits in the territory

...afred against France than the latter's occupation of the ...sation for the damage done to her mines in the Great ... that Germany has a right to the territory that from ...cite of January 13 will decide

ANOTHER COMMITTEE OF THREE: Mr. James Meredith (Ireland), Signor Bindo Galli (Italy), and Dr. Guiseppe Martini (Italy), who are engaged in the task of making preparations for the voting and for the maintenance of law and order afterwards. The need for an international force in the territory is now generally recognized, and it is anticipated that both British and Italian troops will be drafted there during the plebiscite

PLOUGHING A MIRE: A scene in Southern India showing men working up to their ankles in mud

INDIA'S FUTURE: THE LABOUR PARTY'S VIEWS

A Minority Report Characterized by Confused Thinking

THE LABOUR PARTY Minority Report, as part of the records of the Joint Select Committee, refuses to endorse the Majority findings; not, indeed, on the score of the Committee's surrender, but because the surrender is insufficiently complete. They have, it is true, their own solution for the Indian tangle; but a piece of more muddled thinking it would be hard to conceive.

They base their action on a question-begging dictum by the Committee, to which inadequate attention has so far been drawn; but which, in its negation of even the popular democratic ideal, is sufficient admission that the surrender has taken place not in the interests of the 95 per cent. of India's 350 millions, but in that of the politically-minded minority who hanker after power.

"The Indian problem"—as the Labour minority protagonist quotes the words of the Committee—"cannot be understood unless the reality of these political aspirations is frankly recognized at the outset. . . . History has repeatedly shown the unwisdom of judging the political consciousness of a people by the standard of its least instructed class; and the creation of the British Empire, as we know it to-day, has been mainly due to the fact that, for the last 150 years, British policy has been guided by a more generous appreciation of the value, and a juster estimate of the influence, of what is sometimes called a politically-minded class."

And, lest there be any doubt in the matter, Mr. Attlee has quoted the damning paragraph, *in extenso*, and surrounded by every phrase of approval, in a leading article published in the principal weekly organ of the Socialist intelligentsia.

Setting aside for a moment the cynical admission in a State document that government in this country is for the benefit of the politician and not of the constituents from whom he draws his mandate, the fewest and simplest words will suffice to show the contradiction to which the Labour minority has set its seal. As anybody with the most superficial knowledge of the question realizes, politics, self-government, the ousting of the white man, are the central and sole ambition of the Brahmin-dominated Hindu Congress. Mr. Attlee would find the fact hard to deny. Nor, going on to the corollary, could he deny that by every dictate of religion, caste, custom, and self-aggrandisement, the Brahmin is the inveterate and insuperable enemy of the under-dog. The social self-preservation of every horizontal division of the many hundreds of sections of Hindu caste depends absolutely on the maintained inferiority of that next below it; the entire lamentable structure resting ultimately on the Depressed (and, what is synonymous in India, the Artisan) classes; the dominance and power of the Brahmin secured by his unassailable position at the top of the whole.

The real significance of the Brahminization of Congress, though a commonplace to those in closest contact with it, has, for obvious reasons, been hushed up. Our politicians, both here and at Delhi, have made great play with the Nationalists, the Liberals, the Moderates, and what not, and have kept the Congress well out of sight. The sheerest unreality. Each are grades of the same thing. As with us, Liberal, Radical, Socialist, Communist; in India, Liberal, Moderate, Nationalist, Congressman—and, in the last resort, the Terrorists from whom, as evidence taken, but not published, by the Committee shows, Congress is indistinguishable. Pink, rose, red, and letter-box scarlet. *Facilis descensus Averni.*

Now it is common knowledge that the most prominent figure "discovered" by the Brahmins and hoisted into Indian anti-British politics for the last fifteen years, the man till recently as near as might be a God to all Hinduism, Gandhi, has been squeezed out of the limelight into retirement by Brahminical influence for the one unforgiveable offence. Realizing, with his all too worldly flair for every move in the political game, that he could not uphold his saintly status in the face of Western—far less in the face of transatlantic—outcry against the inhuman treatment of the lowest castes, he quite unexpectedly adopted the open championship of the Untouchables. From that moment forward he, as a political king-pin, was doomed. Hindu orthodoxy, threatened by the implications of his act with the destruction of the Brahmin power, practically excommunicated him. He trusted in a popular worship which might have turned the head of an emperor. He pitted himself against the foundation-stone of Hinduism. And, as anyone with the least knowledge of the realities of Indian life could have foreseen, he lost. In a few short months he was discarded by the Congress whose invaluable tool he had been, and was swept into a discredited memory.

Now it is these very Untouchables — the artisans, cobblers, smiths, industrial workers, coolies, the under-dogs in the Hindu social system—of whom the Labour Party in this country would have us believe that they are the champions.

Turn the case about, to a parallel. Would Labour in this country carry to its logical conclusion their, and the Committee's, dictum that the fruits of democratic parliamentary government are the heritage of the top-dog at Westminster, and that the masses may go hang? For the two cases are, in fact and by logical inference, exactly parallel. The Brahmins' dominance is not religious, as we understand religion. Rather is it a sanctification of social custom and observance; a hideous distortion of piety, man-made for the lowest of man's motives. In it there is no place for the tolerance, charity and brotherly love taught by the Central Figure of Christianity. In India, man's very salvation depends on his acceptance of Brahmin pre-eminence and the inviolability of the caste code; and he who would shake himself from his stupor of acquiescence, rouse up and struggle to rise, is damned without hope in this life, and for eternity in the next.

And—blind to every dictate of their own creed, in their effort, as they believe, to spike the guns of what they call the Tory die-hard case—this is the powerful and well-organized party to whom our Labour Party would fling India; the oligarchy, the enemies of everything for which stands Socialism throughout the world.

A further unreality in the Labour minority report is the insistence, in season and out, on the granting of Dominion Status to surrendered India. A greater unreality, since the fallacy on which it is based may at any moment be brought into marked prominence not by any easily gagged Conservative protest, but by the quite unmuzzleable voice of a large portion of our white Empire.

The present writer has the privilege of many contacts with sober and reliable exponents of overseas public opinion; and at a time, during the lamentable Irwin régime, when the promise of Dominion Status was an open battle-ground, obtained a side-light on the matter which has never received the prominence it should. Our Dominions are loyal, and would not lift hand or finger to make our task more complicated; but, listen . . . "Of course, this matter of your giving up India is for you people, here in London, to decide. It's your business; and if you care to throw away India it is no concern of ours. But what *is* our concern is when you talk of giving these rebels Dominion Status. *It isn't yours to give.* You know about the Statute of Westminster? Well, that enactment is as full of sudden and unexpected tricks as a dingo dog. It's a gift and a living to any lawyer who takes it up. But one thing deeply rooted in it is the solid brotherhood of the Dominions; and, if you force us into the open, you'll find us telling you whom we'll have in the Lodge, and who's going to get the black ball. We've tolerated Ireland. After all, in our own country Micky the Barman is a kindly and amusing cuss with us all; and his whisky-parliament, even if it's annoying, doesn't cut much ice. But we're not taking on much more of that sort of thing. We've had some. And when you ask us to be bedfellows with disloyal Indians, you're inviting opinions. I'd drop it, if I were you."

Some such crude reality must have come within the knowledge of the Committee; for nowhere, from cover to cover of a document in which surrender stares out of every page, do we find advocated the grant of a Dominion Status which, within the recent memory of us all, seemed to enshrine the highest ambition of political India.

The Attlee minority report perorates:—

"It is our earnest hope that the peoples of India will seize their great opportunity of leading the East along the path of democratic progress, and that all sections will unite in a common aim to make the new Constitution productive of ordered freedom and social justice for all."

It is their earnest hope.

They hope—and let them continue to hope until the awakening good sense of this nation of ours proves the contrary—that we, having abdicated effective government in India, will stand by with a stick and keep other nations with a clearer sense of realities from assuming the reins of decent order and discipline which we will have dropped.

We, to hold the ring; to ensure that the internal chaos which will inevitably be India's portion shall boil up and bubble over, infecting every peaceful and well-ordered Eastern nation with the misgovernment, peculation, and misery of which for years past we have had a striking example and warning in China? We, to stand before Heaven and our fellow men, responsible for the deaths of millions of unoffending human beings directly attributable to our surrender, and a spread and extending wretchedness throughout the East compared with which the Great War and its *sequelæ* would be a flip of the fingers and a jutting-out of the lip?

"Mauser."

POVERTY AND CHEERFULNESS: A smiling beggar smoking his ganja pipe

INDIAN CAMEOS: Life Among the Hindus

IN A BOMBAY BAZAAR: A young Hindu weighing vegetables. Like most of the women of India she is probably a keen bargainer and, if business is not particularly brisk, will often haggle for as long as an hour over a matter of a few pence

FROM THE SACRED RIVER: A pious Hindu of Cawnpore bearing on his head a silver vessel containing water from the Ganges destined for washing the temple idols

A HINDU DEITY: An extraordinary figure representing the god "Hams" seen outside a temple at Cawnpore before being carried in procession through the streets during the great Festival of the Mazi Durramashi. The "Hams" is probably a version of the Garuda, a creature half bird and half man, upon which Vishnu is believed to ride. Townsmen and countryside folk are following the god

LONDON SCENES

AT THE G.P.O. MUSEUM AT MOUNT PLEASANT, where there is a unique, but little known, collection of the different uniforms worn by postmen since the year 1800. The giant and the miniature overcoats shown in this picture date from 1870; one was worn by a mail van driver who had a chest measurement of 60 in., and the other by a pigmy postman who was only 3 ft. in height

A QUEER NEW ARRIVAL: The echidna, an Australian porcupine ant eater, which has recently been placed in the London Zoo. It has a tubular snout, it lays eggs, has no teeth, and has a head resembling its tail so closely that it is difficult to tell which is which

AMBASSADORIAL CORDIALITY: Mrs. Bingham and the American Minister shaking hands with the guests at a reception given last week at Dartmouth House by the English-Speaking Union

HERALDIC ARTISTRY: A member of the staff of the College of Arms designing a standard for the Duke of Kent which will be flown from any of His Majesty's ships which His Royal Highness may visit

VIEWING THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: *Left*—The queue on one of the stairways. *Right*—Inspecting the early nineteenth-century silver candelabra given to the Duke and Duchess of Kent by the King and Queen. On Wednesday of last week 5,000 people waited in the rain to see the gifts, and it is estimated that when the display comes to an end the admission fees, which are to be given to various charities, will total over £10,000

December in the Hunting Field

And the Newmarket Sales

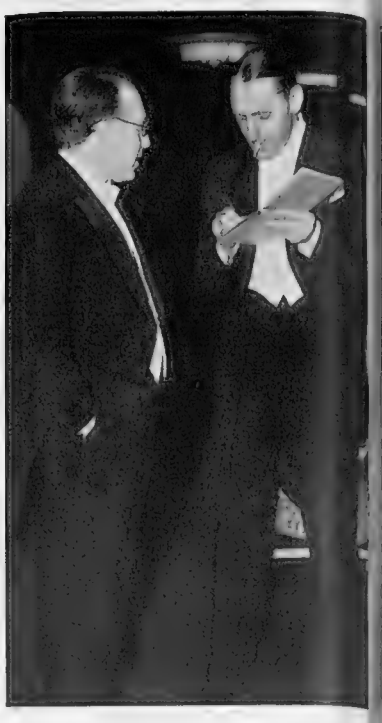
COTTESMORE PERSONALITIES seen at a recent meet at Whadborough cross-roads. *Left*—Captain Spencer with his little daughter, Joanna. *Right*—Lady Priscilla Willoughby chatting with Mr. C. Hilton Green, who has been Master since 1931 and hunts the hounds himself. He has already shown some excellent sport this season, and at this particular meet there were two good runs—a short one of thirty minutes and a longer one of eighty minutes

A BIG BID FOR A DAUGHTER OF COLORADO: Captain C. Moore's five-year-old Judith, which was bought by Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh for 3,000 guineas on the fourth day of the Newmarket December Bloodstock Sales. This fine mare is in foal to the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Mr. Jinks. The sales have been very satisfactory and prices are clearly on the upward trend

THE HOST AND HOSTESS OF SCALFORD HALL: Mr. J. C. and Lady Irene Clark, who entertained members of the hunt at a recent lawn meet of the Belvoir

IN THE GREATEST OF ALL TRAGIC RÔLES: *Left*—Yvonne Printemps as Marguerite, and Pierre Fresnay as Armand in the screen version of Alexander Dumas' *La Dame aux Camelias* which they have been making in France. Immediately after the completion of their work on this film they left for Hollywood and in the second picture are seen on board the *Ile de France*

A RECRUIT TO BRITISH PICTURES: Fay Wray, the Hollywood star and player of "frightened heroine" parts, who is to be Jack Hulbert's leading lady in *Alias Bulldog Drummond*



SIGN PLEASE: Jack Hulbert complies wi a request for an autograph. His late picture, *The Camels are Comin* has just completed a long run at t New Gallery

STAGE *and* SCREEN

Sydney Howard as a Yorkshire Grocer Who Becomes a King : The Passing of Sir Arthur Pinero and Julian Wylie : "The Moon is Red"—An Unexciting Detective Thriller at Daly's

Reviews by
PHILIP PAGE

IN 1911 I saw a pleasant play at the Royalty Theatre entitled *Half-a-Crown*, of which I remember but little beyond the fact that in it a charming young lady from musical comedy made her "straight" debut. Very good she was, too. By name Gladys Cooper.

Half-a-Crown at the Aldwych is not a revival of this, and it has nothing whatever to do with Miss Gladys Cooper. It has, however, a great deal to do with Mr. Sydney Howard, without whose royal presence it would not amount to very much. Not that Mr. Douglas Furber the author of this farcical version of something intended to be much more serious, has not put in some funny lines. He always does that and I applaud them as readily as I do his honesty in informing me that one of the most diverting of them—a reference to the approach of "five of the four Marx Brothers" was Mr. Leslie Henson's.

IN SEARCH OF THE SUN: Anna May Wong, who has been busily engaged of recent months in British film work, seen in Paris, where she stayed for a few days before going on to Mentone for a holiday

But when Mr. Howard is not turning on his soft, bland fooling and squirming about the stage like an amiable seal (a Royal Seal this time) the fun sags. It was touch and go whether fun derived from the attempted assassination of royalty could, in the light of recent events be regarded as fun at all. When Mr. Howard, as a Yorkshire grocer in a small way, who becomes King Walter I of some Balkan kingdom, had bombs placed beneath his chair, his palace windows broken by machine-gun fire, and the furniture in the royal study riddled with revolver-shots, a good many people must have been thinking of Marseilles.

However, it is all good-humoured and farcical and very very funny, though I imagine a royal visit to the Aldwych would be something of an embarrassment.

Revolution succeeds revolution, and King Walter grows so sick of it all that he goes back to the grocer's shop. A back-firing motor car in the street (I had expected that) served only to let him realize, after a reminiscent jump, that the margarine and demarara business may be duller than Ruritanian pomp but it is safer.

Mr. Howard looked more comfortable in his grocer's apron than in his "Merry Widow" uniform—with medals on his shoulder-blades—and was funny in both.

Mr. Malcolm Keen played a Machiavellian Prime Minister rather too seriously and too realistically; a piece like this must either have a spot of extravagance or a spot of music. The latter he could not be expected to supply—besides, the author might object—but he is a sufficiently versatile actor for burlesque. Miss Eileen Peel was entrusted with the shadowy love interest. She wandered about among the Balkan bombs and defeated an Anthony Hope-ful rival.

* * *

Obituary.—The stage has suffered two losses of a widely divergent type in Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Julian Wylie.

Sir Arthur did not, I venture to think, receive at his death the tributes he deserved for some very fine work. There was a slightly disparaging touch in nearly all of them. Perhaps he suffered from the fact, unforgivable in the eyes of the modern generation, of having outlived his period.

Mr. Wylie—the Plutarchian parallel may seem a trifle odd, but both men did much for the theatre in their various ways—was frequently disparaged in his lifetime. That is to say, there was given to his efforts the label "provincial." In the sense that he produced innumerable pantomimes and reviews in the provinces that is a true label. In the sense that anything he did was shoddy or amateurish it is profoundly incorrect. He catered for a wide public. But he knew so much of the technique of the theatre and had such an innate sense of entertainment value that he could, had he set his mind to it, have catered with equal ease for a more eclectic one.

He preferred to leave that to others. "They never describe *my* shows as 'sophisticated,'" Wylie once said to me. "I have just looked up the word in a dictionary, and now I don't think I want them to."

It seems to have been forgotten that Wylie, for all his provincialism, was producing revues in London, including one at the Palace Theatre, over twenty years ago. As a master of big spectacular

ALEXANDER KORDA'S LATEST: Preparing to shoot sce at the London Film Studios. Standing beneath th can Oberon, Harold Young (the director), and Harv Ros

SHOWS TO SEE

ALDWYCH: Sydney Howard in *Half-a-Crown.*

AMBASSADORS: Lilian Braithwaite in *Family Affairs.*

APOLLO: Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, and Gordon Harker in *Hyde Park Corner.*

COMEDY: Douglas Byng in *Hi-Diddle Diddle.*

DUCHESS: Beatrix Lehmann in *Eden End.*

GLOBE: Ivor Novello in *Murder in Mayfair.*

HAYMARKET: *The Moon in the Yellow River.*

HIS MAJESTY'S: Flora Robson and Robert Donat in *Mary Read.*

NEW: John Gielgud and Frank Vosper in *Hamlet.*

PALACE: C. B. Cochran's *Streamline.*

PRINCE'S: Enid Cruikshank in *Merrie England.*

ST. JAMES'S: Gladys Cooper, Raymond Massey, and Adrianne Allen in *The Shining Hour.*

STRAND: Leslie Henson in *Lucky Break.*

VAUDEVILLE: Owen Nares in *Lovers' Leap.*

effects, he was the true successor of Arthur Collins.

Like Collins, he was not a mere impresario, a man who engaged "stars" and "presented" plays; he knew every trick of scenic craft and had a working knowledge of every detail of every department. He had his ambitions, too. One of these was Grand Opera. Fond of music, he was, he told me not long before he died, longing to try his hand at the production difficulties of the Wagnerian "Ring," most of which it is just now the fashion to dodge. He could, I am sure, have solved them.

He was the "Pantomime King" and the step from Christmas pantomime to Wagnerian pantomime is a short one.

I would like to have seen Wylie's solution of the flying Valkyrie maidens. That there would have been a solution, and a good one, is certain.

Under his direction the Dragon in *Siegfried* would not have been the unconvincing and unterrifying beast which appears at Covent Garden each summer.

He had his idiosyncrasies, one of them a passion for introducing hordes of leather-lunged North Country children in nearly all his shows. I can see him now at a pantomime rehearsal shouting in one of those bursts of rage (so quickly appeased) "I want the gnomes! Bring on the gnomes! Can't you understand English? I said 'gnomes'—N-O-M-E-S!"

* *

"The Moon is Red."—The new detective-thriller-secret-service play at Daly's, *The Moon is Red*, has been described by a colleague for whose opinions I have high regard as "exciting but not plausible." I would prefer the converse of that and call it plausible but not exciting.

THE FILM VERSION OF BARONESS ORCZY'S EVER-POPULAR HISTORICAL NOVEL: Two of the characters in *The Scarlet Pimpernel* which is to be released at the Leicester Square Theatre on December 21. *Left*—Nigel Bruce as the Prince Regent. *Right*—Raymond Massey as Chauvelin, the French Ambassador in England and the "villain of the piece"

Scene in *The Scarlet Pimpernel* camera crane are Merle Rosson (camera-man)

THE LABOURER AND THE DANDY: Sir Percy Blakeney (Leslie Howard), *left*, in one of his many disguises in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, and, above, his friend, Sir Andrew Ffoulkes (Anthony Bushell)

It was perfectly plausible that in the Vienna of the troublous post-war days a British secret-service man (in short, a spy) should have been spirited away by Nazis. It was equally plausible that some of his friends should have been suspected of betraying him and that they should each of them have suspected the other and made no bones about saying so.

It was even plausible that that most accomplished actor Mr. George Curzon (who on this occasion was himself very plausible) should have appeared to everyone through three-quarters of the play to be a thundering good sort and then should be revealed in the long run—an expression which I fear is none too appropriate here—as a thundering bad one.

Yet all these circumstances were not at all exciting. For a time one admired the intricacy of the jig-saw puzzle and the ingenuity of the long cross-examinations. Then it seemed that the play, while realistic, was no more interesting than many a court scene in real life, and these, believe me, as a recently released juryman, can be precious dull.

Perhaps one day an exact definition will be evolved of when stage crime is enthralling and when it is the reverse. That will mean that a recipe will be forthcoming and that every mystery thriller, or whatever is the precise definition, will be as persistently successful as *Ten Minute Alibi*. It may also mean that in consequence practically every theatre in London will be occupied with a mystery thriller—to me a thoroughly appalling prospect.

Until that happens one is likely to continue to find the majority of such plays rather tedious, since the problem of who betrayed or killed whom and when, or why, or how is matter as heavy as a volume of Blackstone's Commentaries unless it is served up with a sauce composed of the right ingredients.

The Moon is Red is not helped by a certain monotony of diction and a general tendency to repression and over much restraint. Such a piece should not be played too realistically and its characters should not stand or sit round the stage talking matters over in gray and gloomy tones. That was partly because the authors seemed to have some difficulty in getting them on and off the stage.

In short, we heard too much about what had happened or was going to happen and was too little action. It was not a play so much as an inquest.

Mr. Eille Norwood displayed old-style dignity with some effect, and there were good performances by Miss Joyce Bland and Mr. Austen Trevor.

CHRISTMAS FARE

The London Pantomimes

The number of Christmas shows for the children promises to be greater than ever this year. Among the more outstanding attractions will be *Aladdin*, which opens on Boxing Day at the Prince Edward Theatre with Linga Singh in the part of the wicked magician and Ivan Menzies as the Widow Twankey; *Charley's Aunt* will be revived for a series of matinées at Daly's; the ever-popular *Where the Rainbow Ends* will be at the Holborn Empire; *Peter Pan* at the Palladium; *Cinderella* at Drury Lane; *Dick Whittington* at the Lyceum; *Toad of Toad Hall* at the Royalty; *Treasure Island* at the Piccadilly; *Robin Hood* and the *Babes in the Wood* at the Victoria Palace; and *Buckie's Bears* at the Scala. *Jill, Darling!* the new musical play, which was originally *Jack and Jill*, will be produced at the Saville on Wednesday, December 19 with Frances Day and Arthur Riscoe in the leading parts.

The World of Books

Reviews by
VERNON FANE

HANS FALLADA AT HOME: Two studies of the author of the best-seller, *Little Man, What Now? Left*—at his desk. *Right*—Driving round his estate near Berlin. His latest book, which is published in this country by Putnam's and is already in its third edition, has the curious title, *Who Once Eats out of the Tin Bowl*. It recounts the desperate struggle of a young man who, having been released from prison, tries in vain to regain his place in the world

H. M. Tomlinson's "South to Cadiz"—English Literature at its Best: "Now we Set Out"—A Susan Ertz Novel that Rings True: Thornton Wilder Writes a Modern Satire

In SOUTH TO CADIZ (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) Mr. H. M. Tomlinson has written another travel book, but who among the scribblers who hike to the four points of the compass can write like this?

"Though it was May, the earth was cold. It was saturated with January, and the sap could not rise. The garden was unfrequented because every rosette of leaves, which had promised as long ago as March to flourish into tall personality, was still limp and flat."

Yet it is in this way that Mr. Tomlinson opens his story of his journey, with three companions, south to Cadiz. And what a trip it is with the author inventing his friendly arguments as we go along; about Ruskin and Amiens Cathedral; or that which stirs in the recesses of Protestant minds in the analysis of the Spanish legend; or of the story that El Greco and Cervantes conversed in Toledo; or even a sidelong glance at a Spanish railway porter, leaning against a post, "not self-consciously, but for himself alone. That was the way he always stood when at ease, with a post to help. There cannot be many idle rich in *Burke's Peerage* who do nothing with that grace."

Yes; and there, with our backs to the Palace at the Escorial, we discuss born novelists and "fellows who write novels," and learn more sound critical sense in ten minutes than the "criticism a fine art" school have taught us in a hundred tomes. And can we not agree that there is "a general uprising against civilization. Not Athens now, but Timbuctoo again . . . . . We ought to have known that the first casualty in a war to make the world safe for democracy would be democracy"?

Travel book be sugared! Here is English literature at its best; English prose at its proudest; in a direct, unbroken line with all that can be called classic. What is this Tomlinson? A novelist? An essayist? A writer of travel books? Throw away the labels and join me in a profound conviction. If there is such a thing as imperishability in literature then the works of H. M. Tomlinson are our heritage. There is no collected edition of his works. Are there no publishers of taste left or have they all slowly perished from a surfeit of tripe?

Alexander Wollcott is an American writer who has been variously described as a "New Jersey Nero," as "Louisa May Wollcott," and as the "seidlitz powder of Times Square." In New York he is most generally known as a witty commentator on past and current events, one step removed, and that step upwards, from a columnist. He writes for popular weeklies. He also talks on the wireless. There is no one over here quite like him, and many people think that is an excellent state of affairs.

For me, he can do nothing wrong, and I hail his new book—a collection of biographical sketches, dramatic criticism and travel notes—with undisguised joy. WHILE ROME BURNS (Barker. 8s. 6d.) is a book which has already had an immense success in the United States, but it is not in any way an exclusively American book. On the contrary there are many allusions and many taken-for-granted references to well-known people which will be much easier for an English public to deal with. Someone once said that Zola demanded a knowledge of life's realities from his reader and that Maurice Baring demanded a knowledge of life's manners and conventions. Alexander Wollcott demands nothing, but takes for granted in the easiest, most friendly way in the world, that one knows as many remarkable people as he does, and as intimately.

"Jane had health and work, and that poise of her inner being, which made her independent of the heart's crushing claims." She also had the post of doctor in a big mental asylum in the Midlands, and the distinction of being the heroine of Miss Phyllis Bottome's new novel, PRIVATE WORLDS (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.). Apart from the discussions of the actual cases, which I found the most interesting part of the book, the story is a little thin, and the main characters seemed to me to behave in the most unconvincing way. There is plenty of emotion but it is of the rubber stamp variety. People make scenes, but I never lost the feeling that I could predict their next sentence quite accurately. Even their abuse and their most bitter quarrels ran exactly true to form, and in his more tender moments the handsome young superintendent observed that Jane would probably have a good seat on a horse. Still, placing the scene in what the uninitiated still call a lunatic asylum has the merit of originality, and for that sterling virtue we should be properly thankful.

Miss Susan Ertz has written a novel that is realistic in the gentlest sense of the word. NOW WE SET OUT (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) is not concerned with the horrors of war or of coal mines or with the tragedy of the unemployed areas. It is a story, told in the simplest and most genuinely affecting way, of two people of to-day, who are married and love each other, who are not remarkably well-off or remarkably poor, but who have exceptional intelligence and suffer all the more for it. The depression affects them both severely, and they suffer in themselves, one from the bitterest jealousy and the other from profound irritation against life itself. They manage their lives as well as they can, they quarrel, they part, and they are reconciled, and through it all there is not one false note, not one moment of over-emphasis, and not one suggestion of an artificial effect. I have one complaint though; I could never get fond of Lita. I don't think Miss Susan Ertz knows what a sulky little shrew she is.

There are very few writers who know as well as Mr. George Dilnot how to present the stories of famous crimes. He is, I should say, the greatest living crime reporter, the most exact, the most unemotional, and the most thorough. In ROGUE'S MARCH (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.) he has given us the stories, amongst others, of the Thompson-Bywaters case, the extraordinary case of Oscar Slater, and the Duff poison case which has never yet been solved. "Do not let us deceive ourselves," says the author, "with the impression that it is not possible for an innocent man to be hanged."

Mr. Thornton Wilder has written something that was to me at least completely unexpected. It is a modern satire of which the scene is America, but which is actually unrelated to any particular country. HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION (Longmans. 7s. 6d.) is, most of the time, uproariously funny. It reminded me, perhaps unfairly, of *Juan in America*, and yet it has a personality, if a book can be said to have one, all its own. I will not spoil it for you by dissecting it too accurately; read it for yourselves. But let me particularly recommend the scene in which Mr. Wilder's pathetic and sanctimonious hero is held up by a nervous burglar in a village general store.

SONS OF SAWDUST (Putnam. 10s. 6d.) is, as one might guess, a book about the circus. But after that one's guesses would go wrong, for it is not the usual story of the "big top" and the spangled glamour and the breaking hearts of clowns that most of us expect. It is the account of a journey with a small travelling circus in Western Ireland, and it is both written and illustrated by young Mr. Edward Seago, whose sketches of that strange and separate life are remarkable. He writes amusingly, too; easily and unpretentiously. I enjoyed it.

Parodies can be the dullest things in the world, but Miss Rachel Ferguson has been more than ordinarily successful with hers. CELEBRATED SEQUELS (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) consists of attempts to continue the best-known works of some of our best-known authors. Although a book of parodies must by its own nature be one to be read in small doses, this is continually diverting, and the parodies of "Elizabeth" and E. F. Benson come very near to brilliance.

Not so unexpectedly — for the readers of *Britannia and Eve* have known about it for some time—Mr. Hannen Swaffer has taken to fiction. Now this is surprising, for a journalist of Mr. Swaffer's calibre can always find enough to write about in life without having to manufacture it in the form of fiction.

But in this case Mr. Swaffer has a special reason, which becomes apparent immediately one opens WHEN MEN TALK TRUTH (Rich and Cowan. 3s. 6d.). Like the good journalist he is, the author knows how much stronger is his ground when it covers "partly explored phenomena with which, to-day, the world is gradually getting familiar" in terms of fiction. He can, for instance, give the theme of Hamlet a twist and be not so far from the original author's argument in the adornment of the tale. There are some strange stories in this book, and Mr. Swaffer almost convinces us that the truth behind some of them is stranger than the invention of fiction.

I am glad to see that in a new collection of stories Lord Dunsany once more introduces us to that inimitable creation of his, Mr. Jorkens. MR. JORKENS REMEMBERS AFRICA (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) contains twenty-one tales, and those who expect from a collaboration of Jorkens and his creator a series of highly diverting, wildly fantastic, and at the same time logically credible adventures will not be disappointed by this volume. Of course, all Jorkens' tales are "perfectly true"—even the one about the iceberg in the Red Sea in the middle of August!

"'Come to India,' I said.
'Come to lunch,' said Manfred.
I came to lunch.
Manfred came to India."

And that was the beginning of Mr. Patrick Balfour's journeyings eastwards, which he has described with great spirit in GRAND TOUR (John Long. 18s.). In a second-hand Rolls-Royce, bought for £300 and nicknamed the Dowager, they motored through Syria, Iraq, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, and had adventures that were anything but stereotyped. I particularly liked the lady of the party who brought a black lace dress with her for this arduous trip on the grounds that it would do "for the opera or anything." The book is illustrated with some really excellent photographs taken by the author himself.

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THE SCOTS GUARDS
LOAN EXHIBITION

Portraits, Battle Relics, Depicting the History of the Regiment, which are Now on View at 39, Grosvenor Square

Lent by Anthony de Rothschild, Esq

BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH: Captain the Hon. Thomas Needham in a uniform of 1765. Although this officer belonged to a period when the musket was in use, he carried a pike as a symbol of his rank

Lent by the Scottish National Naval and Military Museum

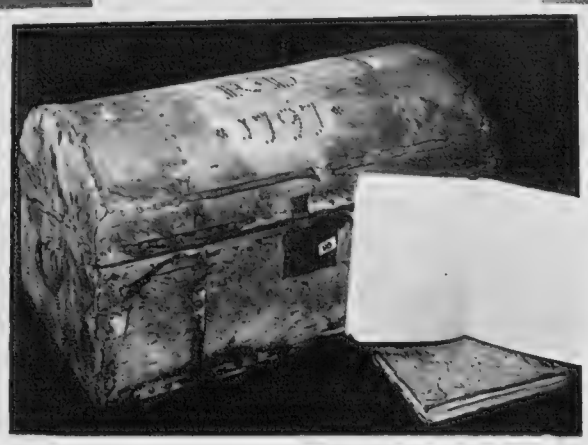
A CANINE HERO: Bob, who joined the regiment at Windsor in 1853 and served until he was killed in 1860, being run over by a butcher's cart outside Buckingham Palace. He took part in the Crimean War, and was awarded a medal for chasing cannon balls at the Battle of Inkerman

Lent by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

CAPTAIN AND LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. COSMO GORDON in the uniform of a Grenadier Company of the Regiment in 1765. He is shown wearing a gorget, a survival of the days of armour

TREASURED RELICS: Colours carried by the 2nd Battalion at Waterloo (left) and in the Peninsular Campaign (right)

THE HUMAN TOUCH IN WAR-TIME: This Christmas tree and cigarette were given by a German soldier to a corporal in the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards when, by mutual agreement, they walked out and met each other in the middle of No Man's Land on Christmas morning, 1915



Left—CAMPAIGNING TRUNK, marked in studded nails on lid, "R. D., 1797," which belonged to Captain Robert Dalrymple who was killed in action at the Battle of Talavera in 1809

(This exhibition, which is in aid of the fund for the resettlement of guardsmen in civil life, will remain open until December 23)

"L'ABBÉ DE ST. NON, EN COSTUME DE FANTAISIE": A canvas by Fragonard (1732-1806), the brilliant colourist, who achieved fame with his exquisite pictures portraying life in the French Court

"CHOPIN": A study of the famous composer by his life-long friend, Eugene Delacroix (1798-1863). *Right* — Self-portrait by Paul Cezanne (1839-1906), in his early days one of the leaders of the young extremist group which defied the reactionary tyranny of the Salon

"MADAME HENRY LEROLLE," by Fantin-Latour, the great painter of flower subjects

"LE DUC DE HARCOURT": A typical example of the art of Jean Fragonard

A CENTURY OF FRENCH PORTRAITURE

A Remarkable Exhibition in a Paris Gallery

ONE of the most outstanding art exhibitions held in Paris this autumn has been the "One Hundred Years of French Portraits" show which has just come to a successful end at the Bernheim-Jeune Gallery.

Four of the pictures here illustrated are interesting as typical examples of four different schools represented at the exhibition. It would indeed be difficult to find a finer portrait by Fragonard than that of "L'Abbé de St. Non." This picture figured prominently in the great French exhibition at Burlington House in 1932. Its composition is fascinating, exact; the colour scheme forms a beautiful harmony of browns and reds; the drawing is perfect; the brushwork masterly. Fragonard's amazing draughtsmanship is clearly evident in this broadly and swiftly pronounced handling of the brush; 1769 is the approximate date of this masterpiece.

The father of Saint-Non was a financier, and his mother came from an illustrious, artistic family.

He was destined to take up holy orders. But at the age of twenty-five he interested himself in magistracy. Actually, he was really neither abbot nor magistrate. In accordance with the practice of the period he owned, *in commendam*, a monastery in the diocese of Langes. He had few duties to perform: the reign of Louis XV was chiefly concerned with the quarrels which arose between the Parliament and the executive power: so he had the leisure, and sufficient fortune, to interest himself in refined culture. Thus he became acquainted with the leading artists of the time; tried his hand, with no mean success, at drawing and engraving, and took up a study of music.

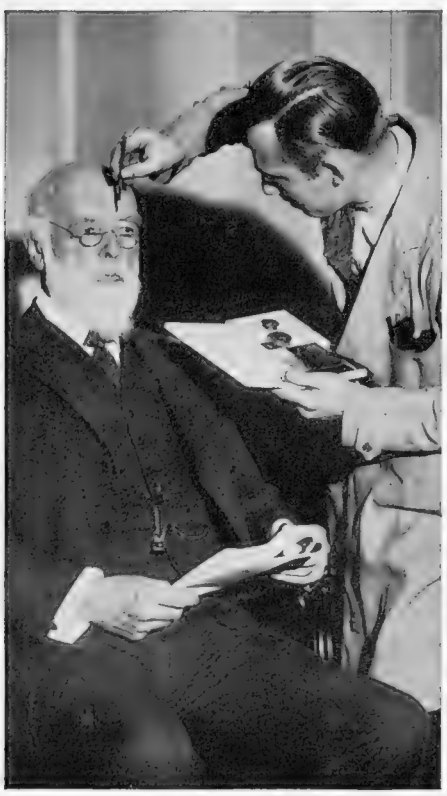
In 1759 he made the acquaintance of Fragonard, who was then five years his junior, at the time when both were making their first voyage to Italy. The enthusiastic amateur and incomparable painter became close friends. The friendship lasted right up till the death of Saint-Non who was to Fragonard as he was to certain other artists, both a friend and generous patron of his art; a friendship which clearly showed itself by the fact that Fragonard did several portraits of him on his consenting to sit as model, at a difficult period in his career when, as we are told by Hall, the painter, "he would do a portrait, almost in a single sitting, for the sum of one louis."

Fragonard painted this portrait in costume *de fantaisie*, as indeed, he did several others. For the most part these costumes were the original carnival dresses which he and Saint-Non brought back from Italy. He was fond of dressing up his sitters in such attractive attire; he judged them as very

(Continued on p. 470)

MAINLY PERSONAL

CARRYING ON: Mr. Herbert Bryan, who succeeds the late Mr. Julian Wylie as the producer of *Cinderella* at Drury Lane, seen at a rehearsal at the theatre this week. Mr. Wylie's sudden death, which appears to have resulted from several weeks of overwork, was a tremendous shock to his many friends



IN A NEW RÔLE: Sir Oliver Lodge, the veteran scientist and pioneer of wireless, being "made up" before playing his part in a new instructional picture which is being produced at the Gaumont-British Studios, Shepherds Bush

A SURPRISE WEDDING: Miss Evelyn Laye, the stage and screen star, and Mr. Frank ("Young Woodley") Lawton who were married at Yuma, Arizona, last week. The only witnesses at the ceremony were Mr. Herbert Marshall and Miss Gloria Swanson, and nobody else in the Hollywood film colony was informed of the couple's plans

AT THE DORCHESTER: Members of the committee at the sixth annual ball of the Oil Industries Club which was held a few days ago. Left to right—Mr. Cyril F. Dennis, Mrs. Wigney, Mr. William J. Wigney (President-elect), Mrs. Dalley, Mr. Christopher Dalley, Mr. James Kewley (President), Mrs. Kewley, and Mr. Leonard A. Callow

TWO NOTABLE APPOINTMENTS: *Left*—Captain Geoffrey Crawshay, one of the new District Commissioners for the Depressed Areas, who will direct unemployment relief work in South Wales. *Right*—Mr. Stanley James Aubrey, who will be chairman of Lloyd's during 1935

ANOTHER SCREEN ROMANCE: Miss Anna Lee and Mr. Robert Stevenson seen outside Kensington Registry Office after their marriage last week. The bride appears with Mr. Jack Hulbert (right) in *The Camels are Coming*

"SPEED": This is Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's original design for the principal motif in the decorations for the Chelsea Arts Club Annual Ball which, as usual, is to be held on New Year's Eve at the Royal Albert Hall

THE EVENING MODE

Some Moods and Variations on the Themes of the Autumn

Very heavy black satin makes this dress, with its graceful train of double material which gives it such a lovely sweeping line. It has a wide sash with a piped ornament at the back, and the ingeniously draped yoke and sleeves are of orchid pink marocain. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

From the speculations of the autumn emerge the certainties of the winter. One can look around and see for oneself the clothes that actually are being worn as apart from those which were merely theoretical successes. And one can buy that extra frock, which always at this time of the year suddenly seems indispensable, with the happy knowledge that it will be fashion perfect for many a month to come.

Every woman has a very private mental picture of herself. She never talks about it, but to her it is real and compelling. Have you a yearning towards the romantic? If so, choose a picture frock, for they have not yet reached the height of their popularity. Full skirts of heavy satin or faille, beneath slender bodices with draped shoulders, the line sweeping out and back, so that one seems to float across a room rather than to walk. And then, a little later on, the same type of dress in pastel shaded organdie or flower sprigged taffeta, all ready for Ascot and garden parties.

If the Victorian era is too far removed for you, there is always the Edwardian. Very debonair, and elegant, and charming, Schiaparelli is showing some fascinating frocks in faille and heavy cloqué silks, the line very slender and wide shouldered, with a flat flare at the hem, which falls to a point at the front and lifts at each side to reveal a contrasting petticoat. She makes glass belts and little glass jackets, brilliantly striped in wonderful colours, and she becomes all softly feminine and places flowers at the neck, on the shoulder, or at the waist.

But if you have the sort of figure that deserves to be rewarded for all the good things it has forgone in its quest of slenderness, choose a streamlined dress, softened, if you like, about the shoulders and neck, but otherwise tailored with the precision of your favourite tweeds. Statuesque, restrained—the waist sashed or encircled by a narrow belt of natural pigskin, with pigskin gloves to match—the skirt forming a fan-shaped train.

It is on shoes that you can really let yourself go, forthey are more delicately lovely than they have ever been before. Sandal types are first favourites. Plain crêpe models have wide bands of sequins carried diagonally across the front and straight up the back; string and velvet ribbons are threaded into a lattice design; brocades are exquisite and have scroll-like insets of satin, and gold and silver lamé shoes have low heels and huge butterfly bows on the insteps.

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THE PETROL WORLD

The Much-Maligned Motorist — His Contribution to the Exchequer : A Word of Advice on How to Proceed in Foggy Weather

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

"LORD WAKEFIELD OF HYTHE": A portrait by Oswald Birley which his lordship has presented to the Royal Bethlem Hospital, of which institution he is president

I do not think many people have heard of the Women's Automobile and Sports Association, and even those who have had knowledge of their existence, like myself, have perhaps not appreciated what a very energetic body is in our midst. I attended their annual dinner recently, and I learnt quite a lot of interesting facts. According to one very able lady who spoke at the function 14 per cent. of British motorists are women, yet only 4 per cent. of the accidents which are recorded during the year are recorded by drivers of the feminine sex. Women drivers have certainly something on which to congratulate themselves for figures such as these are illuminating. Motor club annual dinners, which are now being held almost every night of the week in London, are usually much of a muchness, and generally the same speakers are heard saying the same things only perhaps in different words.

A woman is scarcely ever heard making a speech, but at the function in question I heard one of the ablest after-dinner orations I have ever listened to, and it was delivered by a woman. I cannot remember all that she said, but one point that she made was of particular interest. Talking of road users in general, she remarked that when one spoke of a cyclist people thought of a cyclist, and when of a pedestrian an individual who walked about the pavements and the roads.

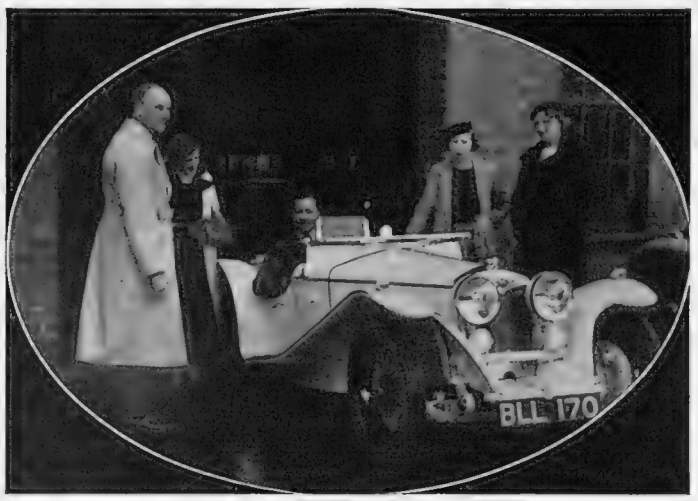
But when the public were asked to picture to themselves a motorist the brain immediately thought of a criminal on wheels. I am afraid there is a lot of truth in what was said and in the eyes of the public the misdeeds of the motorist are becoming more dreadful and more frequent day by day. Considering that we motorists pour into the Exchequer the yearly sum of practically £70,000,000, which we pay for the privilege of motoring, there is no getting away from the fact that for such an important body of people we are getting a very raw deal. There is obviously something wrong in the motorists' camp for if those that drive and travel by motor car were to combine properly, no Government could stand up to their strength.

The Ministry of Transport has only to suggest such an excellent thing as making special paths for cyclists, or a Member of Parliament has only to ask in the House why cyclists are allowed to ride three abreast, in order to provoke an absolute storm of agitation by the cyclist associations. Pedestrians too, are immune from restrictive legislation because the moment anything is suggested for their control shouts of protest are heard. The motoring organizations must number a greater proportion of motorists as members than the similar bodies in the pedestrian and cycling worlds can boast of. Why is it then that legislation of the most restrictive character can be shovelled up to us and no effective voice of protest is heard. I cannot believe that this silence will continue for ever. Perhaps as the male motoring community appears to be voiceless the women may be able to make themselves heard.

At this dinner the guest of honour was Mrs. Stewart, who as one speaker mentioned is the "fastest lady on earth." Her achievements are truly amazing, but they are too lengthy to mention in detail. Still their importance may be gauged from the fact that she holds the lap record at Montlhéry irrespective of sex. It is a matter of congratulation to this country that she should be a Britisher and we are also proud of both Mrs. Petre and Mrs. Wisdom, who have battled against each other in the friendliest spirit for the honour of holding the unofficial Ladies' Lap Record at Brooklands. There is no other nation that possesses so many famous women drivers.

It may perhaps be a long way to spring and summer but it is not a bad plan to look forward and prepare for those wonderful days in spring when every breath of air is refreshing. Quite a large proportion of cars today are fitted with sunshine roofs, the reason being that their owners, whilst preferring the completely-closed car for the dull, wet, and unpleasant days in the winter, desire to let in the fresh air, not only through the window but through the roof when the sun shines. At its best, however, the orthodox sunshine roof is little better than a skylight in a house. Motorists who have seen, particularly at the recent Olympia Show, the special bodies, the roofs of which can be folded right back, have probably thought to themselves what a pity that their own cars were not so fitted. Naturally, they have no desire to scrap their present car or even the coachwork thereon, and so they probably make up their minds to wait until the new car is bought before they can attain their ideal. One of the most popular of these dual-purpose bodies is the Tickford, which is built by Messrs. Salmons and Sons, the well-known coachbuilders of Newport Pagnell and London. Talking the other day to one of the directors I was very interested to learn that they are now carrying out a large number of conversions.

The idea had never struck me before and I do not expect many people realize that their permanently closed saloon car can be converted into a Tickford Sunshine Body for quite a trifling sum of money. Apparently no body is too small or too large for the conversion to be successfully carried out. This, I feel, is good news for many motorists, particularly when I am able to tell them that over 15,000 Tickford bodies have been built and fitted yet not one case of breakage has reached the factory. A car which can be completely opened in a space of seconds is not only satisfactory and pleasant in use but probably the greatest boon is that it contributes to the health of the occupants. Continual driving about in what is more or less a closed box and breathing noxious fumes cannot be good for any human being. In addition, to drive in an open car is real motoring and is therefore, enjoyable.

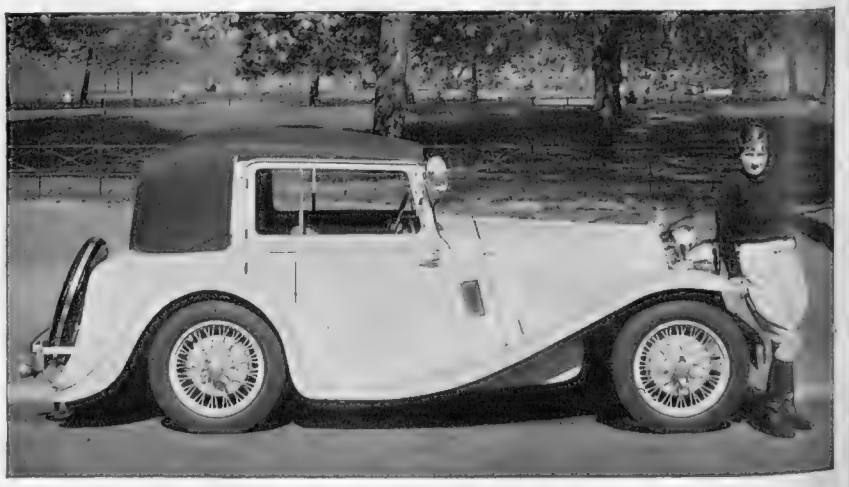


A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO THE RILEY WORKS: Prince Birabongse of Siam taking delivery of one of the 9-h.p. Imp models which he intends to use for competition purposes

Although we have scarcely started the winter, we have experienced quite a sufficient number of foggy days and nights to make us realize that fog is probably the most troublesome feature that motorists have to face. Difficult as fog driving may be, many drivers unknowingly add to their troubles. To start with, if the windscreen must be kept shut the wipers should be set in motion, for usually condensation takes place on the glass, thereby creating a film of moisture through which it is difficult to see. Frequently I come across motorists who try to get along in fog with headlamps ablaze. The powerful beams merely light up the suspended particles of moisture from the air making it more difficult than ever to see the road or obstacles ahead. Placing orange-coloured discs over the headlamps may improve matters, but I think the only result is to reduce the brilliancy of the headlamps. There are several moderately efficient fog lamps on the market and I am glad to say that for my own comfort I have one fitted to my car. It sheds a white light of a more or less mysterious nature. It lights up the kerbs on each side of the road even on a wide by-pass, and gives me a sufficient light ahead to pick out an obstacle in sufficient time to avoid a collision.

There is much discussion nowadays regarding non-skid roads, so that we should be interested to learn from the President's Address at the recent annual meeting of the British Road Tar Association that certain tar-macadam stretches experimentally laid down on the Kingston by-pass have yielded excellent results. From tests made one of these sections was as non-skid a month or so ago as it was in the autumn of 1931 a year after it was laid down. Actually, some of these sections have not cost a penny upkeep during four years, although they haye had to bear an average of 12,000 tons of traffic a day. It is gratifying to realize that a non-skid surface can be made really durable.

MR. C. W. A. SCOTT AND CAPTAIN T. CAMPBELL BLACK, winners of the Melbourne Air Race, standing beside the latter's Vauxhall Big Six saloon. A picture taken at Laverton Aerodrome, Victoria



A KEEN MOTORIST: Miss Doris Hilditch, the well-known South-African actress who is at present playing in London in *Ten Minute Alibi* seen with her Wolseley Hornet which she purchased recently

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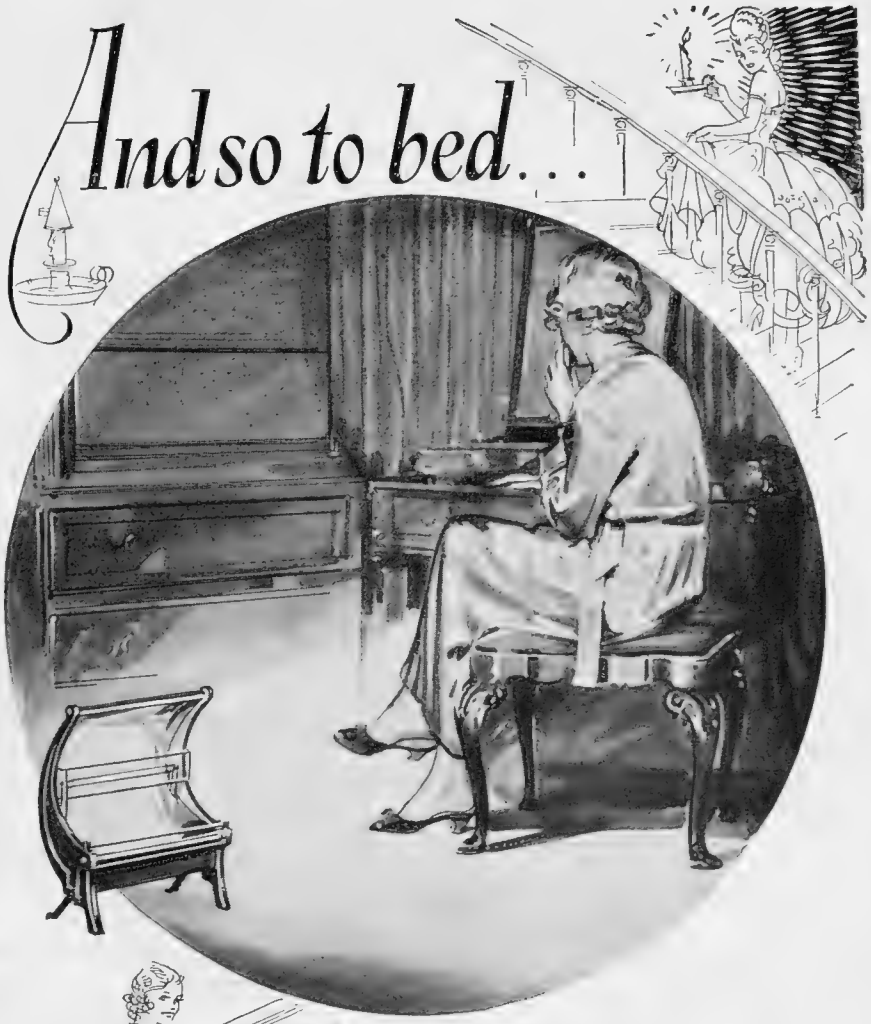

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A CENTURY OF FRENCH PORTRAITURE

(*Continued from p. 464*)

picturesque. In truth, they may be considered his masterpieces of portraiture. They are rapidly executed and brilliant works of art.

The portrait of Chopin, by Delacroix, was painted in 1838. It portrays all the noble and fine characteristics of this great musician who was held in such high esteem by its painter. While we may read, in his journals, of the profound admiration Delacroix had for Chopin's music, it is known for a fact that Chopin reciprocated this great respect for Delacroix as a man, while professing, curiously enough, little interest for painting in general.

The portrait of Madame Henry Lerolle is a perfect example of the delicate art of Fantin-Latour. This picture was painted in 1882 and exhibited in the Paris Salon the same year. Fantin-Latour has been justly praised for his enchanting flower pieces. In this canvas he has combined all that finesse for painting roses, with the sensitive charm and grace which he has given to this beautiful figure dressed in silver white.

Much could be written in an attempt to illustrate the subtlety of the self-portrait by Cezanne, painted about 1885. The photographic reproduction is inclined to convey a misleading impression of flatness. Truthfully speaking, this is a picture which must be seen in order to appreciate its great force and remarkable sense of volume. **Alexander Watt**

EUROPE'S FIREBRANDS

(*Continued from p. 448*)

One understands that France is keen to mother a pow-wow, having as its objective the recasting of extradition treaties and a general stiffening of control. It is high time. Three years ago, in these pages, I wrote of Paris as "the paradise of plotters," pointing to the perils thereof. Round-ups or *rafles* were organized (the same as recently) and ex-Police Prefect Chiappe gained the limelight as usual, yet the core of things was left untouched and President Doumer was promptly murdered by a White Russian maniac. This is not recalled on the I-told-you-so principle but in order to sustain me when I submit that the present hounding of Hungary smells strongly like a put-up job. If there was a Croat terrorist nest in Hungary, the Balkans and C.E. generally are lavish of kindred nests. We are all involved in this matter, some more than others; in fact it might aptly be said on the present occasion that people who live in glass houses—in veritable Crystal Palaces—should not be too ready to heave bricks of recent Genevan dimensions.

These conspiring circles are obviously twice and thrice more inflammable material than ever in the past. M. Benes did well to present them to us so incisively. He would do better to come off Hungary and devote his great talents to setting afoot a new and more watertight international system for smoking out his incurable romantics and other self-seeking gentry who "slip in."

THE STAFF OF THE ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL, one of a number of institutions maintained by the Grenfell Association for the benefit of the fishermen of Labrador and Newfoundland. Sir Wilfred Grenfell is sitting second from right in front row

Begun by Sir Wilfred Grenfell in 1892 and carried on among English-speaking fishermen of British origin in Labrador and North Newfoundland, the work of the Grenfell Association touches at all points the daily lives of hard-working and uncomplaining people.

Five hospitals and six nursing stations, peripatetic doctors, dentists, eye and throat specialists, together treated last year nearly 12,000 in- and out-patients. This work was facilitated in summer by three little hospital steamers and by motor yawls.

Grenfell of Labrador has given his life to the service of seamen of pure British descent in our oldest colony. His seventieth birthday comes this winter, and his friends wish to mark it for him and for his people by establishing a small endowment fund here in England. To insure that his work shall go forward is the truest appreciation which can be shown to Sir Wilfred of the esteem in which he is held.

The annual budget of the Grenfell Association is £40,000, an exceedingly low figure considering the scope of the work, and one only made possible by the large amount of voluntary help given. The maximum which it was estimated could be raised by the sale of seats at the Royal Matinée on December 13 was just over £2,500. The balance of £7,500 needed for the partial endowment fund of £10,000 must come from supporters. Gifts, generous large ones, and generous small ones, are needed. Cheques should be made payable to: Treasurer, Grenfell Endowment Fund (Miss K. Spalding), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society

Imagine a crew of men rescued from a sinking ship, or scrambling from a vessel driven on to a rocky shore, their sodden clothing being all that remains to them. Think of their joy at finding an agent of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society (they are to be found in every town and village on our coasts) ready and willing to feed, clothe, and send them to their homes. This is not a fancy picture. It occurs constantly during stormy weather each year. The work of caring for the men, and seeking out the widows and orphans of those who lose their lives, is gladly undertaken by the honorary agents, who expect nothing in return. The cost of helping the shipwrecked and the widows and orphans of fishermen and sailors, together with necessary widespread organization, amounts to about £30,000 each year. The greater part of this sum must be raised from voluntary sources, and the committee feel that they may rely upon the people of Britain to see that the sailor, who brings them their food, may be cared for in his hour of need. Those who are interested in this cause should communicate with the Secretary, Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, Carlton House, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

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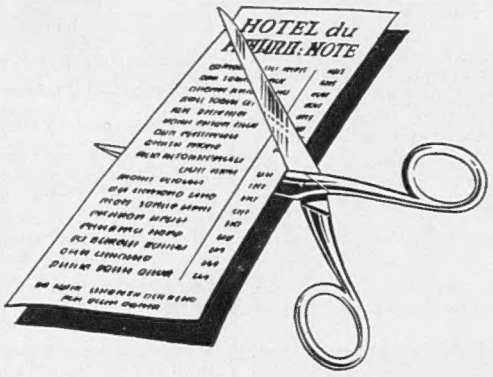

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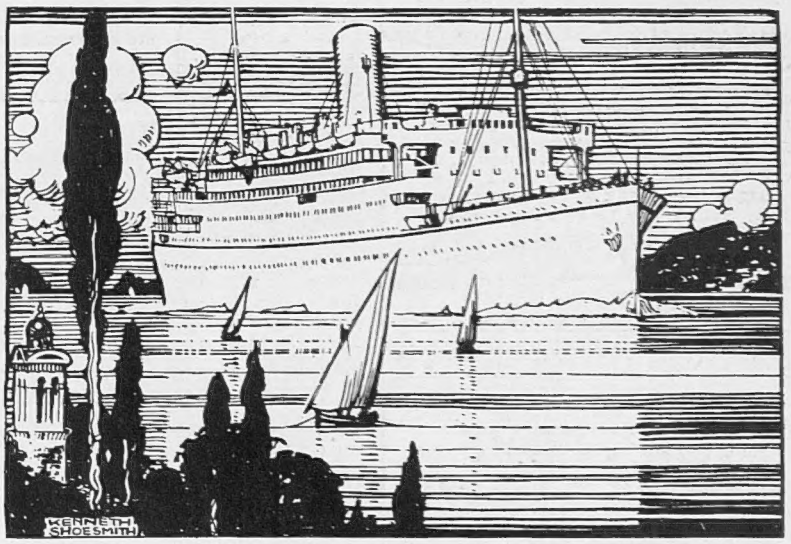

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

W., Iraq (Italy).—Your best plan would be to spend two or three days in Naples, visiting Pompeii and Vesuvius from there and making the day's motor-coach excursions along the coast to Amalfi and Sorrento. You could then cross to the island of Capri where at the Grand Hotel Quisisana (from 50 lire per day) you would find plenty of entertainment. The first-class fare, including the reductions granted by the Italian State Railways, from Naples to Ventimiglia via Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, and Genoa is £5 15s. 3d. As you wish to visit the Italian Riviera also we suggest you stay at Rapallo (Hotel Excelsior e New Casino from 54 lire per day) or Santa Margherita (Torriani's Mirimare Hotel, from 50 lire per day). The latter resort is but a few miles from Rapallo, and both towns are situated on the loveliest part of the Riviera. The first-class fare from Monte Carlo to London is £11 7s. 1d. For your stay on the French Riviera we can recommead the Hotel Eden at Cap d'Ail outside Monte Carlo, where terms range from 65 francs per day.

P., Lincs (Majorca).—The second-class return fare to Majorca, via Dieppe, Paris, and Marseilles, is £16 16s. 11d., the ticket being valid for forty-five days. One can also travel to Majorca by boat, via the Henderson, Orient, or Union Castle Lines, but as you are not a good sailor, you would be well advised, particularly during the winter, to go overland, as the crossing from Marseilles to Palma is only an overnight one. The Hotel Camp de Mar is situated fourteen miles outside Palma on a sheltered sandy bay and is connected with the town by a regular bus service. Terms there range from 11s. per day for a stay of two weeks or more. Pollensa is on the north-east coast of Majorca, and is a very picturesque little place, and a good centre for walking. At the Hotel Mirimar there, terms range from 9s. 6d. per day.

P., Yorks (Greece). — The single second-class fare from London to Athens via the Orient Express, is £24 17s. 10d., including the supplement for the second-class sleeping berth. Other ways of travelling to Athens are: By rail to Brindisi, thence by Greek Line steamer to Piræus, £19 7s. 9d., second-class; by rail to Marseilles, thence to Piræus, via Messageries Maritime boat, £20 15s. 7d., second-class; by cargo boat of the Ellerman or Nordenfjelske Lines from London or Liverpool to Piræus, the round trip fare being £45.

Hints to Travellers

A GUIDE TO CORNWALL.

One of the most interesting of the Great Western Railway's publications is *The Cornish Riviera*, by S. P. B. Mais, which was first published in 1928, and of which a third edition appeared this year. It is a book which all prospective visitors to Cornwall should read; while those who have already explored the famous Duchy will delight in the word pictures, so ably sketched by Mr. Mais, of their favourite haunts. Some amusing anecdotes are related such as that of the steward of Lanhydrock, who was condemned for punishment to carry sand in sacks across the mouth of the Loe; "as the sands hereabouts are soft and shifting it was a bad enough job anyway, but the minions of the Devil, always on the look-out for him, tripped him up, and his sacks full of sand silted up the river mouth." Many of the descriptions are of little-known coves, churches, and manors, and the reader's attention is thus called to romantic and picturesque scenes, of which even those who know Cornwall are unacquainted. The book, which contains 160 pages of matter and innumerable illustrations and pen and ink sketches, can be obtained at the offices and branches of the Great Western Railway for 1s.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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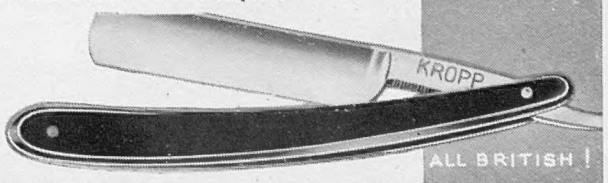

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